

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 66.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

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PROFESSOR TYNDALL, Ph.D., F.R.S.

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A detailed List of the Objects Photographed is printed, price 2d. Applications, &c., must be addressed to the Secretary, South Kensington Museum, W.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a COURSE OF LECTURES ON MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the study of GEOLOGY, and of the Application of Mineral Substances in the Arts. The Lectures will begin on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7th, at Nine o'clock, &c. They will be continued on each succeeding WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at the same hour. Fee, 2s. 2d.
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SESSION 1859-60.

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The Matriculation Examinations, in the Faculty of Medicine, will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of October.
Additional Matriculation Examinations will be held on Thursday, the 20th of November.
Matriculation is necessary for those Students only who intend to proceed for the degree of M.D. in the Queen's University, or to become Candidates for Scholarships, Exhibitions, or Prizes in the College.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

In the Faculty of Medicine six Junior Scholarships of the value of 100s. each, and six Exhibitions of the value of 100s. each, are appropriated as follows:—Two Scholarships and two Exhibitions to Students of the first, second, and third years, respectively. Also, two Senior Scholarships of the value of 400s. each, and two Exhibitions of the value of 400s. each, are appropriated to Students of the fourth year. The Examinations for Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Thursday, the 20th of October, and be proceeded with as laid down in the Prospectus.
In addition to the Scholarships and Exhibitions above mentioned, Prizes will be awarded by each Professor at the close of the Session. Scholars of the first, second, and third years, are exempted from a portion of the Class Fees.
The Medical School of Queen's College, Galway, affords ample means for the acquisition of the most accurate and complete knowledge of the various branches of Medicine and Surgery.
MUSEUMS.—An extensive Museum, illustrative of ANATOMY and MEDICAL PATHOLOGY, MATERIA MEDICA and TOXICOLOGY, has been founded; and to facilitate the study of the OSTEOPATHIC branch of Medical Science, the College has purchased the MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.
HOSPITALS.—The Hospitals, to which Students are admitted, are the ROYAL HOSPITAL, and are visited every morning by the Medical Professors, who deliver Clinical Lectures.
In order to induce Medical Students to attend the practice of the Hospital during the entire course of their education, the fee for Hospital Attendance and Clinical Lectures conjointly has been reduced to 2l. for each Session.
COLLATERAL SCIENCES.—Laboratories and every requisite apparatus exist for the cultivation of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. The College is furnished with a Museum of Natural History, and a Botanical Garden. Botanical excursions are conducted by the Professor in the proper season.
Further information may be obtained on application to the Registrar, from whom copies of the Prospectus may be obtained.

By Order of the President,

W. LUTTON, M.A., Registrar.

1st September, 1859.

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| " 10th, Brompton. | " 10th, Bath. |
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| " 21st, Church Schoolmasters' Association. | " 11th, Chelsea Young Men's Christian Association. |
| " 24th, Crystal Palace Institution. | " 16th, Blackfriars Road. |
| " 25th, St. Barnabas Schools. | " 17th, Basingstoke. |
| " 28th, Southwark. | " 23rd, Acton. |
| Nov. 1st, Lington. | " 1st, Crosby Hall. |
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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

REVIEWS.

The Slave's Champion; or, the Life, Deeds, and Historical Days of William Wilberforce, written in Commemoration of the Centenary of his Birthday. By the Author of "The Popular Harmony of the Bible," &c., &c., &c. To which is appended an Account of the Keeping of the Twenty-fifth Birthday of Freedom. (Seeley.)

STALE flour, molasses, and pepper, well kneaded and garnished with tinsel, are the component elements of the abomination known as gilt gingerbread, which is garish to the eye, sickening to the tongue, and deleterious to the stomach. Partaking of the same nature, composed of the same ingredients,—hot, sweet, and unwholesome,—is the class of literature, of which "The Slave's Champion" is a most ugly, and, for that reason, a most characteristic specimen. It is the production of men excessively fluent of speech, and miserably poor in ideas; whose strength of assurance is equalled only by the weakness of their reasoning; who fancy they are irresistibly impressive when they are insufferably dull; who, hard of heart and barren of mind, do clumsily speculate upon the feelings and opinions of others, and whose vicious prose is trebly vitiated by frequent quotations of third or fourth rate rhyme. They are generally held to be below criticism, and the impunity they enjoy is due to contempt. They may violate all the laws of common sense and all the decencies of composition, and they may go on their way rejoicing and exulting in a multitude of trashy books, because men of letters have an instinctive aversion to meddle with anything so loathsome. It is most unpleasant, and in the opinion of some it is even degrading, to lay hands on this great sin of a great literature, to strip it of its meretricious ornaments, and to discover the nakedness and the baldness, the leprosy, and the sores which lurk beneath this outward show of fine phrase and sounding sentiment. Not only is the task a disgusting one, it also exposes the critic to the danger of his motives and objects being misunderstood and misrepresented. Writers of that ilk to which "The Slave's Champion" belongs are like the most importunate of Italian beggars, who ply their trade squatting at the foot of a cross, or crouched into a recess which shelters the statue of a Madonna. They chant their dogged petition from the stones of a sanctuary, and, while obtruding their vice and their filth, they claim the protection of the saint in whose shadow they recline. It is next to impossible to treat them according to their deserts without incurring the charge of irreverence, or even of blasphemy. The author of "The Slave's Champion," for instance, cleaves unto Saint Wilberforce; he takes his stand on the steps of the sanctuary at No. 27, New Broad Street, and we who are resolved to make an example of him, do so with our eyes open to the danger of offending Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and of being condemned as aiders and abettors of Legree.

"The Slave's Champion," which purports to be an account of "the life, deeds, and historical days of William Wilberforce," was written in commemoration of Mr. Wilberforce's hundredth birthday. The author

knew that a grand demonstration was to take place about that time, and he wrote his book expecting a large sale and a golden harvest. So far his proceedings were unobjectionable. We will say more: a good, short, reasonably cheap life of Wilberforce is still a want of the age, and an attempt to supply such a life would entitle any one to our gratitude. But nothing can be more preposterous than the mixture of cunning cant and trashy declamation which the author of "The Slave's Champion" got up for the occasion. Take a fair sample:

"While yet the English nation was recovering from the horrors which the tragedy connected with the Black Hole at Calcutta had inflicted on its nerves, and the sound-wave of victory which arose from Plassy had scarcely died from the ears of our foes east and west of that plain; while the gallantry and daring sagacity of Clive in the East was laying the foundation for a hundred years of commercial advantages to ourselves, the blessings of freedom to the conquered Hindoo and Mahometan people, and opening a way for the introduction of the saving doctrine of Christianity—that one sole religion on which national greatness or individual freedom can find a secure basis and permanent existence—while the strong hand of Pitt was holding the helm of the nation, and his master-spirit was guiding the tossed and straining barque of the British constitution through the troubled waters of a universal war, and steering her past the rocks and quicksands of Home and Foreign policy and intrigues; while the popular indignation manifested at the loss of Minorca, and the fierce clamour which sent the unfortunate Byng to a premature and martyr's grave, had scarcely cooled down; while the gallant Wolfe was climbing the heights of Quebec, which was to be at one and the same moment the road to his victory over the French and his own death: ensuring thereby the conquest of Canada to his nation, and immortal fame in the memory of his people to all posterity; while on the outskirts of civilisation, where the vices of polished and savage life were exercising a baneful influence on the policy of Europe, the knife of the assassin was being prepared to take the life of an autocrat sovereign; while the preaching of Whitfield was drawing thousands to his views at home, and the poetry of Metastasio was electrifying Southern Europe; while the ink was flowing from the pens of Goldsmith, Stern, and Gray, and infidelity was being promulgated by Rousseau and Voltaire; while Hunter was following up his surgical labours, and Cook was preparing for his future circumnavigation of the globe: both to confer lasting benefits on the human race—"

What then? About that time William Wilberforce was born! Had his birth any bearing on the fate of Byng, on the preaching of Whitfield, on the poetry of Metastasio, or on the infidelity of Voltaire? By no means. Did the gallant Wolfe climbing the heights of Quebec, or did Hunter's following up his surgical labours, exert any mentionable influence on the birth of the Champion? Or were the "pens of Goldsmith, Stern, and Gray" aught in the auspicious event? Far be it from us thus to injure the memory of a man who owed nothing to all these agencies. What then, in the name of all that is rational, are these persons and events dragged in for? The author—but we cannot for ever go on with this lengthy description of an anonymous writer. Since a name he must have, though he may be perhaps wise in keeping it to himself, as he certainly sheds no lustre upon it, we will call him Scriblerus, and say that his long list of portentous events, which had nothing whatever to do with the birth of Mr. Wilberforce, was picked out of Mr. White's "Landmarks of English History," and strung together simply because such an array of powers and

principalities has an imposing aspect, and because it fills a couple of pages. Somehow or other it impresses weak-minded people with a dim and hazy notion that the Slave's Champion influenced the fortunes of the empire even before his birth, and that General Wolfe would have been defeated at Quebec, that Mr. Hunter's investigations would have come to a sudden stop, and that Goldsmith's pen would have refused its service, had not Mr. Wilberforce most judiciously been pleased to be born on the 24th of August, 1759.

Perhaps Mr. White's "Landmarks" are at fault—perhaps Scriblerus was still panting with the effort we have quoted—at all events he allows the infancy of the "young philanthropist" to pass by without any more startling announcement than that "he passed through all those interesting and most necessary gyrations common to the little masculine olive branches of the present day, and which so much please and so greatly delight the heart and eyes of the paterfamilias and materfamilias of the year 1859; the pap and cradle; the pleasing toy and the A B C; top, marbles, and the Latin grammar."

But different was the case when young Wilberforce entered St. John's, Cambridge. To grace this important event, Scriblerus assures us, Backstone laboured at his Commentaries; and "England's great luminary," Sam Johnson, plodded at the Turk's Head Club; Garrick trod the boards of Old Drury; Walpole set up his printing-press at Strawberry Hill; and Chatterton died of starvation. The partition of Poland, the revolution in Sweden, the labours of Kenicott and Buffon, the outlawry of Mr. Wilkes, and the American rebellion, shed lustre on the first terms of the academical career of Mr. Wilberforce. Here, at least, is a sufficient reason why all these events are mentioned in connection with his matriculation:

"Whether the subject of our memoir was or was not interested in any of these national matters, is of little importance: one thing is certain, that the great actors in the great drama going on in the outer world cared little for him, and he in his turn was quite unconcerned touching the definition the burly and testy lexicographer chose to give to the word 'oats' in his famous lexicon."

It so happens that the early years of many men who did good service to their kind were neither so well nor so profitably spent as their warmest friends and admirers could desire. From St. Augustine to that Colonel Gardiner whose conversion was due to a bullet that entered his mouth while he was swearing at his troopers, eminently pious men have been preserved in becoming humility by the reminiscences of an eminently impious youth. Men of the Scriblerus stamp are sorely puzzled by the psychological problem involved in this contrast; and the impossibility of contradicting certain facts and the desire to wriggle out of the consequences of its admission, prompts those "most interesting and necessary gyrations," with which he blunders through the less edifying pages of Mr. Wilberforce's life. He admits that at Cambridge his hero lived "among as licentious a set of men as can well be conceived," but he protests, in language as forcible as it is elegant, that "though he rowed too often in the same boat, and too frequently entered into many of the scenes in which his gay associates found pleasure, he never sank so low as to allow himself to be dragged into the cor-

roding mire of their vile excesses." "His ears were defiled by all that was obscene"—afterwards, in London, "he followed all the allurements of vice, and indulged in every pleasure that could stamp him as a man of the world—but"—and this is worth knowing—"he never lost his moral purity!" We know absolutely nothing of Mr. Wilberforce's private life but what our author is good enough to tell us; and as the days of signs and miracles are not quite over, since tables turn, since there is a Holy Coat at Treves, and since Our Lady of Salette bewitches dirty urchins, we can only admire his assurance when he tells us that his hero had the miraculous faculty of touching pitch without being thereby defiled. But, this being the case, we cannot understand why we should be entreated "not to judge!"—why Scriblerus should warn us against "feelings partaking of too hypercritical a tincture,"—and why he should find it necessary to remind us of "the follies of our own youth in the storm of debris which rolled around and covered many," &c.

The same admirable tact is displayed when he, almost triumphantly, quotes the opinion of one of Mr. Wilberforce's friends, that "the Champion" throughout his political career "was often unconsciously led into exaggeration, and indeed unwillingly to exceed the bounds of truth; that he sometimes allowed his feelings to predominate over his reason, and hence led to ascribe unworthy motives to those whose honour was as spotless as his own; but that he devoted all his energies to the cause of humanity," &c. The friend who insinuated all this would have made a capital *Devil's advocate* for a canonisation trial. Divested of personality, and translated into plain English, these artfully rounded phrases insinuate that Mr. Blank, M.P., although habitually mendacious, and sorely given to slander his neighbours, devoted all his energies to the cause of humanity, &c. We would rather not have our life written by this candid apologist. Though he might promise to call us a soldier, a hero, and even "a spider," our mind is made up, and no blandishments of his, no enraptured listening to our "clarion voice," can reconcile us to the fate of being praised for a habit of lying, and extolled for the liberal exercise of the gift of calumny!

Scriblerus is hardly to be held responsible for blackening the character of Mr. Wilberforce; for persons of his class, who are but imperfectly acquainted with the English language frequently express what they least intend to convey. A boomerang is a dangerous weapon in unskilful hands. What admirer of Lord Brougham—not an arch blunderer—would have represented that "living and active Bibliothéke and Museum" as "an infant kicking and squalling in his cradle?" We pledge our word for our author's good faith and profound respect for the most temperate and judicious of our law lords: he calls him "the most erudite man of the age," and considers him a sort of secular pope, whose opinion "is irrefutable, wherever and on whatever it is brought to bear." How fortunate that his lordship's irrefutable opinion has never been brought to bear upon the soundness of his admirer's understanding!

In another portion of his book we are introduced to "famishing travellers rejecting draughts of water, because they saw in it one or two animalculæ differing from those they knew in the water of their own

well." The famishing travellers, it appears, are choice in maggots. It appears also that hearts—we pick out these jewels at random—can be "washed from the dirt drifted into them by whirlwinds, and re-lighted and regarnished with flames and mirrors of love," exactly as Dutch *Gaufre* shops. We are informed that "an unfettered voice and an unfettered press are channels which is dear to Old England," and that certain persons "had been engaged in trade at that town." Again, our anonymous friend tells us that, "time has always strode on," and that the assassination of a certain Emperor "ridged the earth of a desperate despot"—that a certain decision "must have fell like a thunder-bolt" on all whom it might concern; that "the silent and meandering rivers have become channels for conveying floating hives and commerce;" that there are "whispering panoramas," and a "whispering past," "warm and elastic thoughts," "fleshy shields," and "souls not larger than a bodkin's point," which latter are the exclusive property of certain Englishmen, such as "bloodthirsty and flesh-bloated planters" whom Scriblerus considers with merited disgust.

For it is worthy of note that the ungrammatical and illogical culprit at the bar bases the success of his speculations less upon the reminiscences of old abolitionist struggles and triumphs, than upon the present and active co-operation of a factious animosity, which threatens to deprive our West Indian farmers of their last chance of prosperity. The Anti-Slavery Society, finding its occupation gone in the British dominions, and despairing of any good that can be done abroad, has changed its object though not its name: its influence, and the contributions of the public on which it subsists, are almost exclusively devoted to the creating a monopoly of labour and wages for the coloured population of the West Indies. To gratify the greed of some, and the rancour of others of its familiars, our free negroes are to be protected from the competition caused by the importation of labourers from India, and it has been boldly declared that if the planters,—that is to say, the farmers,—cannot afford to give a week's wages for three days' labour, they had better go and leave the colonies to the blacks and the missionaries. To this end were the speeches of the late Commemoration directed: in support of this object is the country deluged with tracts, pamphlets, and books like the one of which the present writer is guilty. To this end do oily demagogues mount the stump and hold forth on the superior virtues of the negro and the depravity of the "flesh-bloated" farmer; on the sufferings of the Indian labourers on their passage to the colonies, which are on a par with the sufferings of British soldiers on their passage to India, and on the wickedness of enticing poor Indians, who in their own country can actually earn 6d. a day, to a distant colony where they can at most earn a daily wage of 3s. or 4s. It was certainly not for this object that the great battle of the Emancipation was fought, and that England achieved the most difficult and the proudest victory—that over her own passions, prejudices, and interests; nor was it to procure food for yelping curs of the Scriblerus breed, that men like Wilberforce and Clarkson struck the first, deep, indelible, and necessary blow at the brightest jewel of the British crown.

Stray Leaves of a Naturalist. By David Ross. (Houlston & Wright.)

"THE candid and impartial reader," says Mr. Ross, in his preface to the volume before us, "will doubtless discover many faults and imperfections, which are inseparable from all human performances, and are especially characteristic of those which have been penned during the harassing cares of other avocations; but, in the spirit of sympathy, he may be disposed to 'give good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.'" If there were any ground for the modest assertion contained by implication in this extract, that Mr. Ross's book contains no faults but such as are inseparable from all human performances, there might be some chance of his appeal for sympathy receiving a favourable answer; but, as it is, the only commodity with which we are able to oblige him is one of which he would, we fear, wish the measure to be as scanty as possible. For, in truth, it would not be easy to name a book which has less to recommend it than that which is now before us. It consists simply of a series of detached reflections, partly sentimental and partly moral, but all of the haziest and flimsiest description imaginable, which have from time to time been suggested to Mr. Ross's mind by the sight of wild flowers, birds, the sea, the moon, and other natural phenomena. Mr. Ross, in most cases, considers prose to be an adequate vehicle for the due conveyance of his sentiments; but occasionally he finds it necessary to break out into verse. Prose and verse are alike remarkable. A single specimen will be sufficient to convey a fair notion of the style of the former:

"Nothing so much as natural-history studies forms so useful an element in education, for it presents throughout its entire range such views of progress and development, and that not only in the present, but in the past system of things."

The latter are, we are informed, "first attempts; and cannot, therefore, be expected to flow as easily as those of others whose productions

"Run for ever by the Muses' skill;"

but even after this preliminary warning, the reader will scarcely be prepared to sympathise with such lines as the following, which are nevertheless by no means the worst in the volume:

"Precursor of the Spring,
How mild a child art thou,
Though struck by March's wing,
And frowned at by his brow."

"A moral hence we draw,
That virtue, through pow'r divine,
Struggling with tyrant law,
Shines out as gold more fine."

The second line of the above extract is, we fear, at least as applicable to its author as to the flower to which it is addressed. There is no earthly reason why Mr. Ross should not employ "the intervals of severe study" in the indulgence of such harmless reflections as, during his walks abroad, natural objects appear to excite in his mind; nor why, if he has nothing better to do, he should not even commit them to writing on his return home; but we must, in the interests of science, enter a protest against their being given to the world. Mr. Ross is, we have no doubt, sincerely and heartily devoted to natural science, and earnestly desires to further to the best of his ability its adoption as an instrument of general education. If, however, the reflections contained in this volume are to be accepted as a fair sample of the effects which its study is

likely to produce on the mind, their publication will, we fear, furnish its detractors with an argument more valid than those which they are generally accustomed to employ.

Unity in Variety, as deduced from the Vegetable Kingdom. By Christopher Dresser, Lecturer on Botany, &c., South Kensington Museum. (J. S. Virtue.)

MR. DRESSER is most certainly a man of his word. In the preface to his "Rudiments of Botany," which came under our notice about three months ago,* he announced the speedy appearance of a work whose object was to illustrate the unity of design which was traceable throughout the whole vegetable kingdom; and almost before we have had time fully to appreciate the fact that such a volume was coming, it has already come. This is undeniably quick work. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is a proverb to the truth of which Mr. Dresser is evidently fully alive; and he is quite determined that his gift shall not lose one jot or tittle of the value which it can possibly derive from the utmost promptitude of bestowal. The general plan of this singularly sudden contribution to botanical science may be compendiously and effectually sketched out in very few words. It is characterised in the title-page as "an attempt at developing that oneness which is discoverable in the habits, mode of growth, and principle of construction of all plants." With a view to the successful prosecution of this attempt, Mr. Dresser begins by pointing out the similarity which exists between all plants at some period or other of their growth—a cell being the prototype of all vegetable structures; from which fact he draws the conclusion that "all plants, at some period of their lives, are coincident" (whatever that may mean), "for which reason there is a unity existing between all vegetable structures." A similar unity is traceable in the mode of growth of all the numerous varieties of which the vegetable kingdom is composed. Although in different plants the development of the several parts—of the root, stem, bud, leaf, inflorescence, flower, fruit, and seed—presents considerable apparent variations, there is really one typical form of each part which may be traced through every variety of development; and further, each part is in fact but a modification of some other, so that "a unity exists between all the members of the floral organism, as well as between all the varieties of each floral part." Further evidences of unity are deduced from the arrangements, habits, and numbers of the parts; from the classification of plants, their relations to the world, their colours, their poetic and artistic phases, and their vital force; and, finally, from certain scattered facts which are lumped together under the comprehensive title of "general considerations."

Such, then, stated with all possible brevity, is Mr. Dresser's object, and such are the means by which he attempts to carry it out. Concerning the object itself we have nothing to say, save that while we fully acknowledge its importance and general utility, our opinion as to its novelty is somewhat different from that entertained by Mr. Dresser. Although Mr. Dresser's assertion may possibly be true, that no work has hitherto been exclusively devoted to the development of the unity which pervades the vegetable kingdom, it is certainly indisputable that the

idea is not now suggested for the first time, but that it has already been frequently dwelt upon, at least in an incidental manner, and repeatedly enforced by every variety of illustration. And though much might be said respecting the means adopted by Mr. Dresser for the attainment of this object, it would be merely a repetition of the remarks which we have already made in our notice of his "Rudiments of Botany." The same unity which Mr. Dresser so elaborately traces throughout the whole vegetable kingdom may be traced (with much less trouble) through his two books. Both are, in fact, constructed on precisely the same plan. We have in the present volume the same system of detached sentences, the same subtle typographical distinctions, and the same redundancy of pictorial illustration, which constituted the characteristic peculiarities of his former work. The only advantage enjoyed by the younger volume consists in the omission of the refined distinction between *a* and *b* notes which was adopted in the "Rudiments," the peculiar value or appropriateness of which we have already confessed ourselves unable to appreciate. But we are decidedly anxious that the reader should be in a position to form his own opinion as to the merits of Mr. Dresser's method of treating his subject. Accordingly, we will extract the text of two chapters from the volume before us—(there is no cause for alarm: Mr. Dresser's chapters, owing to a reason to which we shall presently call attention, are not long)—viz., those in which unity is traced respectively in the different varieties of buds, and in the poetic and artistic phases of plants. Our choice of chapters has been dictated partly by a desire that Mr. Dresser may be heard both in his botanical and artistic capacity; and partly by a suspicion that the general reader may possibly feel some little uncertainty as to the precise nature of the phenomena which constitute the "poetic and artistic phases of plants." Mr. Dresser the botanist shall speak first:

"76. The stem produces buds of varied forms, &c.

"77. Nevertheless, all buds are homologous, for all are shortened axes, which are possessed of rudimentary leaves.

"78. And buds have the power of forming vegetable matter.

"79. It hence follows that there is a unity between all buds."

To the utterances of Mr. Dresser, the artist, we would beg to direct the reader's most special attention:

"292. Vegetable nature may be viewed in another light, in order to trace out yet farther the extent of that unity which is discoverable amidst the vast variety of vegetable objects,—and this is a poetic and artistic, or ornamental light.

"293. Plants speak in a thousand poetic strains, yet in all there is a vast concord, for all speak of God.

"In other words, it may be said that the poetic face of nature, which so cheers and soothes, is God; or rather that when we behold the vegetable creation, we behold the works of God, and we perceive the most High speaking to us by his works. This is the poetry of Nature.

"294. In an artistic point of view we discover, amidst the vast numbers of plants which creation presents, an infinity of ornaments.

"295. Yet, amidst all the ornaments of vegetable nature, we discover but a few typical varieties.

"296. Thus we have flowers, which, by the exquisite forms and colours of their parts, and the beautiful arrangement of their members, create within us, upon beholding them, feelings of high joy.

"297. We have also those which by the eccen-

tric disposition of their members, together with their quaint abnormal forms, strike us as grotesque.

"298. And we have those which, by their livid hues and lifeless aspects, are repugnant to our feelings.

"299. Nevertheless there is a unity in the artistic effects of plants, for monotony is inimical to all, and variety makes all more beautiful; hence, these three principles, by their diversity, furnish those conditions required by our nature, in order to the perfecting within us the highest feelings of delight."

We should perhaps be inclined to complain of the distressingly technical language in which Mr. Dresser has veiled by far the greater portion of the information contained in the present volume, were it not that he has forestalled all criticism on this point by stating categorically that he has adopted this style of phraseology with malice prepense. If the reader cannot make much of "tubular, campanulate, and infundibuliform gamophyllous floral envelopes," or fails thoroughly to enjoy the fact that "the nucellum is related to the hesperidium by being a succulent syncarpous indehiscent fruit, the result of a superior pistil," Mr. Dresser can only say that he is sorry for him, but it serves him right: are not all these terms explained in the "Rudiments?" Our botanical high-priest has a becoming sense of the dignity of the mysteries of which he is the exponent: like Horace, he hates the *prophanum vulgus*, and is resolved to keep them at a distance until they have qualified themselves for admission into the inner sanctuary by the perusal, or at least by the purchase, of the elementary treatise which he has already so kindly provided for their especial benefit.

But it is, after all, on the prefaces to Mr. Dresser's volumes that the admiring reader will dwell with the greatest pleasure. They are the only portions of his works in which he allows himself to write in connected sentences, and they contain not only the most perfect and mature development of his very peculiar style, but also the enunciation of his widest and loftiest views on scientific subjects. In the present case he affably unveils to the uninitiated eye the process by which he was gradually led to the conception of his latest and greatest work:

"The inquiry (into the modes in which vegetable structures increase themselves by growth) had not long been pursued, before the author was impressed with the oneness of principle which pervaded all the works of the floral creation, and with the importance of a knowledge of this fact, and of the manner in which it can be traced throughout the vegetable kingdom, and, indeed, throughout all nature. The importance of this knowledge became more and more manifest, till ultimately the conviction forced itself upon the author's mind, that no view of the vegetable kingdom could be got which tended more to expand the intellect and elevate man to his true dignity than that which is taken from the most lofty eminence, and looks down upon all members of the great system of vegetable creation, and regards their mutual relations."

It might be an interesting, and would certainly be a curious, question, to inquire what sort of a scientific view of botany that could possibly be which did not take in all members of the vegetable creation, and regard their mutual relations; but we are too glad to find that Mr. Dresser has at length been led to recognise the necessity of taking a comprehensive view of his subject, to waste any time in investigating the successive steps by which he arrived at this desirable result. "Books,"

* LITERARY GAZETTE, July 9th, 1859.

Mr. Dresser proceeds to tell us, "are unlikely to teach any lesson, or any law, which has not been learned or understood before." Since he takes so low a view of their utility, we wonder that he should have thought it worth while to manufacture two of those useless articles in so short a space of time. Finally, he urges, as a crowning inducement to follow out the line of thought indicated in the volume before us, that, "while we trace a unity amidst all the works of creation, the mind, by an effort of its own, informs us that one system resulted from one intelligence, and thus the heart is led up from the manifold works of the beauteous creation to the one God who rules over all." To this eminently novel consideration he appends this remarkable note, the force of which it would be vain to attempt to heighten by any comment:

"The author here has in view the idea, that the present considerations of nature tend to rebut the doctrine of the plurality of gods, as taught by ancient philosophy, but not the doctrine of the Trinity, which he considers as here confirmed by the consideration of that unity in nature which is made up of parts, inseparably linked together by the very laws which govern all created things."

In conclusion, we must say a few words concerning the extraordinary abundance of illustrations which constitutes decidedly the chief feature of this, as it was of Mr. Dresser's former book. These are generally very well executed; and it must be confessed that, aided as they are by thick paper, and a clear and handsome print, they contribute considerably to the general comeliness of the volume. Occasionally we meet with an old acquaintance, which we have already seen at least once in the "Rudiments;" of the new illustrations the majority are from the pencil of the author. One of the latter, the work of Mr. Collinson, the author's colleague, has given us such special pleasure that we cannot refrain from directing particular attention to it. It is Fig. 53, and occurs at page 22. It represents a round, solid-looking body, from one side of which projects a dim, hazy protuberance of an oval shape; and scattered around are a very small foreshortened cow, three sheep, and a bird. We looked at this engraving for a long time without being able to form any probable idea of what it was intended to represent. We took it for granted that it must be some vegetable production; but in this supposition we are unable to account for the accompanying animals. At last a reference to the bottom of the page informed us that it was a top view of a tree—a bird's-eye view, in fact—and that it, together with some dozen other pictures, is inserted in illustration of the position that all vegetables increase by development in a centrifugal manner. The cows and sheep are then seen to be picturesque adjuncts, or possibly to serve as standards of comparison by which to estimate the height of the tree. We hope that the reader will, like us, look at this engraving before referring to its explanation: otherwise he will miss the feeling of pleased surprise which always accompanies the solution of a puzzle, and which, in the present case, constitutes the principal charm of the picture. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in Mr. Dresser's character is the eagerness with which he rushes into illustration on the slightest possible provocation. At page 16 he makes the simple observation that "that class of symmetry which is most common in plants is least common in animals;" and forthwith devotes to the

illustration of this remark twelve distinct engravings, which monopolise almost entirely no less than five pages. We have first a front view of man (*bimana*); then, in rapid succession, front view of cow (*Bos Taurus*), back view of cow, and top view or plan of cow; then *Dione Veneris*, a bivalve shell, which at first sight looks like a cross between a black beetle and a horse-chestnut; then portraits of the leaf insect, of a female walking-stick, one-third of natural length, and of a star-fish; and finally four engravings of fossils which are borrowed from a paper of Professor Hunt's in the *Art-Journal*. These pictures are doubtless very interesting and valuable—the top view or plan of cow is especially delightful, and is, as far as we know, unique in its way—but surely they are more numerous than is strictly necessary for the illustration of the statement to which they are appended. We must not forget, however, one advantage connected with illustrations, to the existence of which Mr. Dresser is evidently keenly alive, that by means of their judicious multiplication, a very little letter-press may be made to go a long way. The chapter on buds which we have already cited is clearly not of inordinate length: but it is so skilfully illustrated that, with the addition of some twenty lines of very small print, it occupies no less than three whole pages. A little reflection on this point may perhaps diminish our feelings of astonishment at the rapidity with which Mr. Dresser's works succeed one another. We do not know how long a time is required for the preparation of the engravings; but certainly, as far as the text is concerned, there seems to be no reason why he should not celebrate each successive quarter-day, for many years to come, by the publication of as large a book as that which is the subject of the foregoing remarks.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.

By E. B. Ramsay, M.A., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. Third Edition. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)

PROBABLY in no country in Europe is the change in the tone of national thought and feeling, and in social customs, which has been gradually developed during the progress of the last century, more strikingly evident than in Scotland. It is no exaggeration to say of the anecdotes which might be cited in illustration of this position that they would fill a volume: for the book now before us is a distinct and tangible proof that the statement is no hyperbole, but a literal fact. When, some years ago, Mr. Ramsay delivered a lecture on the recent changes in Scottish life and character, he was far from anticipating that this brief and apparently ephemeral production would, in a short time, by the mere process of natural growth, develop into an independent and remarkably handsome volume. As might naturally be expected from a work on such a subject, it consists mainly of a collection of anecdotes illustrative of the changes to which it refers. These anecdotes are introduced solely in the way of illustration. Mr. Ramsay carefully and distinctly repudiates the notion that he tells them merely as good stories: "if," says he, "they should occasionally excite amusement, or even laughter, there is no harm done,—but let it be remembered this is not the object: the object is to show the changes referred to." But, though in Mr. Ramsay's mind these anecdotes may occupy a position subordinate to the main

design of his work, there can be no doubt that they do in fact constitute the principal feature of his book. The stories are so good in themselves that they are sure of a hearty welcome on their own merits, even from those who feel a comparatively slight interest in the subject which they are designed to illustrate. All Scottish stories possess a peculiar and distinctive charm: and we have never met with a collection of them which equals Mr. Ramsay's, either in general completeness or in richness of detail.

Mr. Ramsay goes to work in a very systematic manner, dividing his reminiscences into several distinct heads, each of which represents some special point on which a remarkable change in national feeling or practice has taken place during the last fifty or a hundred years. The first of these relates to the changes in religious feelings and religious observances. These changes are noticeable especially in the higher classes. Even as lately as forty years ago, it was very rarely that gentlemen attended divine service, the congregations being composed almost exclusively of ladies: a fact which Sydney Smith, when preaching in Edinburgh, noticed in his own characteristic manner, by taking as his text the verse from the Psalms, "Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord," and laying a distinct emphasis on the word "men." The lower orders in Scotland, on the contrary, have always been remarkable for the same strict tone of religious feeling which distinguishes them at the present day, as the following striking anecdote sufficiently proves:

"The late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd near Bonally amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said hastily and unguardedly, 'What a d—d mist.' The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him. 'What ails you at the mist, sir? It wats the grass, and slocks the ewes,' adding, with much solemnity, 'it's God's wull,' and turned away with lofty indignation."

Another story well illustrates a less respectable though equally characteristic peculiarity of the Scottish peasantry of the older school, who

"Were extremely jealous of any minister who departed from their high standard of orthodox divinity by selecting subjects which involved discussions of strictly moral or practical questions. A worthy old clergyman having, upon the occasion of a Communion Sunday, taken a text of such a character, was thus commented on by an ancient dame of the congregation, who was previously acquainted with his style of discourse, 'If there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's aye sure to tak' it.'"

As regards the second head, that of conviviality and excessive drinking, the change is at least as well marked, and its illustration affords an opportunity for the introduction of several amusing and characteristic stories. In this respect there appears to have been no distinction between the higher and lower classes. The latter are well represented by one Saunders Paul, an innkeeper at Banchory, who is said to have drunk whiskey glass for glass, to the claret of Mr. Maule and the Laird of Skene for a whole evening, and who, on being asked if he considered porter a wholesome beverage, replied, "Oh, yes, if you don't take above a dozen." Among the former, the formal recognition of hard drinking as a system, and the methodical means adopted for guarding

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against its possible effects, are delightfully and uniquely illustrated in the following story:

"The late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' had been involved in a regular drinking party. He was keeping as free from the usual excesses as he was able, and as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, his attention was called to a small pair of hands working at his throat; on asking what it was, a voice replied, 'Sir, I'm the lad that's to louse the neckcloths.' Here, then, was a family in which, on drinking occasions, it was the appointed duty of one of the household to attend, and when the guests were becoming helpless, to untie their cravats in fear of apoplexy or suffocation."

The familiarity of intercourse between master and servant in olden time, which is the subject of the third division of Mr. Ramsay's reminiscences, is one which will be less generally comprehensible to the English reader, owing to the fact that no equivalent change in this particular branch of social relations has recently taken place in England. This peculiarity originated in, and was in fact a part of, that attachment of clansmen to their laird, which, in former times, was a proverbial characteristic of the Scottish people, but which now exists, even in the Highlands, only in a very modified form. This division of the subject contains some of the best stories in the volume. Though we can scarcely understand the existence of the state of domestic relations which could make such a reply possible, we can fully appreciate the exquisite, because totally unconscious, humour of the answer made by an old servant, who, when his master, weary of forty years' tyranny, at last told him plainly that they must part, merely observed, "Ay, sir; whare are ye gaun? I'm sure ye're aye best at hame." The following story is so intensely amusing that it must be extracted entire:

"A woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that, as the guests were coming in, he must put on his coat. 'Indeed, my lady,' was his excited reply, 'indeed, there's sae muckle rinnin here and rinnin there, that I'm just districkit. I hae cast'n my coat and waistcoat, and faith I dinna ken how lang I can thole (bear) my bracks.'"

The fourth division of Mr. Ramsay's anecdotes comprises those, the point of which consists in the peculiar nationality of their language, either as shown in the general dialect employed, or in some particular expressions. Many of these stories are exceedingly good. What, for instance, can be more expressive than the reply of a farmer-overser, who, having been sent to market to dispose of a cow and a pony, was asked by his master on his return, "Well, John, have you sold the cow?" "Na, but I grippit a chiel for the powny." Old ladies and judges are, according to Mr. Ramsay, the two classes in whose tone of conversation the last fifty years have wrought the greatest difference in Scotland. In the former case it is not merely the form of expression which is altered, as the following admirable story would seem to show:

"I had from a relative or intimate friend of two sisters of this school, well known about Glasgow, an odd account of what it seems from their

own statement had passed between them at a country-house, where they had attended a sale by auction. As the business of the day went on, a dozen of silver spoons had to be disposed of; and before they were put up for competition, they were, according to the usual custom, handed round for inspection by the company; when returned into the hands of the auctioneer he found only eleven. In great wrath he ordered the door to be shut that no one might escape, and insisted on every one present being searched to discover the delinquent. One of the sisters, in consternation, whispered to the other, 'Esther, ye hae nae gotten the spune?' to which the other replied, 'Na; but I hae gotten Mrs. Siddons in my pocket.' She had been struck by a miniature of the great actress, and quietly had pocketed it. The cautious reply of the sister was, 'Then just drop her, Esther.'"

In illustration of the position as regards the judges, we may cite Lord Polkemet's account of his own judicial preparations for the bench, which, though doubtless perfectly sound in principle, are expressed in language which to modern ears sounds at least strange. "Ye see, I first read a' the pleadings, and then, after letting them wamble in my wame wi' the toddy twa or three days, I gie my ain interlocutor."

In connection with this branch of his subject, Mr. Ramsay has introduced into the present edition of his work a short dissertation on Scottish proverbs, illustrated by numerous examples. Though many of these are undeniably quaint and forcible, we think that Mr. Ramsay's national sympathies have led him to estimate them, as a whole, somewhat too highly. It is, we think, only to a Scottish ear that "the bird in the hand is worth twa fleeing" will be more euphonious to any sensible degree than the English version of the same proverb. But a really beautiful proverb is "The e'ening brings a' hame"—meaning that the evening of life, or the approach of death, softens many of our political and religious differences. And "Fules mak' feasts and wise men eat 'em," a proverb which, addressed as it was to a Scottish nobleman on his giving a great entertainment, is more remarkable for its impertinence than for any other proverbial quality, may be quoted for the sake of the ready rejoinder which it provoked, "Ay, and wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat 'em."

Mr. Ramsay reserves for the last division of his subject those stories which illustrate Scottish wit and humour. He protests warmly against Sidney Smith's celebrated dictum, "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding: their only idea of wit, which prevails occasionally in the north, and which, under the name of *wit*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals." After all, the question whether the Scotch are capable of appreciating wit must depend for its solution on the precise meaning which is attached to the terms Wit and Humour respectively. We do not design to enter upon this vexed question; but we would only observe that as regards that branch of wit, at least, which deals with verbal jokes, Sidney Smith's verdict would seem, from Mr. Ramsay's own showing, to be eminently true. In one only of the numerous stories cited by our author is there any approach to a pun; and even in this instance it was quite involuntary. But the story is a very good one, nevertheless. It relates to the Duchess of Gordon, who, on one of her electioneering expeditions through the country, called on the Laird of Craigmyle:

"Having heard that he was making bricks on the property, for the purpose of building a new garden wall, with her usual tact she opened the subject, and kindly asked, 'Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks come on?' Good Craigmyle's thoughts were much occupied with a new leather part of his dress, which he had lately constructed; so, looking down on his nether garments, he said, in pure Aberdeen dialect, 'Muckle obleeged to yer grace, the breeks were sum ticht at first, but they are deeing well enuch noo.'"

No one, however, whatever may be his opinion as to their wit, will deny to the Scottish people the possession of a very effective and characteristic vein of humour. If any doubt were possible on this subject, it would be quite removed by the admirable anecdotes with which Mr. Ramsay illustrates this branch of his reminiscences. Many of the best of these stories relate to ministers or other church functionaries. We remember an English clergyman who, whenever he read in church the chapter which ends with the words, "And Peter went out and wept bitterly," used to add with great solemnity, as he closed the bible, "and well he might;" but he will not bear comparison with Mr. Shirra, who, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste all men are liars," quietly observed, "Indeed, Dauvid, an' ye had been i' this parish, ye might hae said it at your leasure." In the following story the clergyman is the patient, not the agent:

"A young minister, who had for some Sundays occupied the pulpit, dined with a farmer of the parish in the afternoon, when services were over; and his appetite was so sharp that he thought it necessary to apologise to his host for eating so substantial a dinner. 'You see,' said he, 'I am always very hungry after preaching.' The old gentleman, not much admiring the youth's pulpit ministrations, having heard this apology two or three times, at last replied sarcastically, 'Indeed, sir, I'm no surprised at it, considering the trash that comes aff your stomach in the morning.'"

Another class of church functionaries, of whom Mr. Ramsay tells some good stories, are the beaules or betherals. One of these anecdotes relates a conversation which took place between one of these officials and a brother betheral from a neighbouring parish, who had come with the minister thereof, to preach on a special occasion:

"After service the betheral of the stranger clergyman felt proud of the performance of the appointed duty, and said in a triumphant tone to his friend, 'I think our minister did weel; ay, he gars the stour flee out o' the cushion.' To which the other rejoined, with a calm feeling of superiority, 'Stour out o' the cushion! hont, our minister sin' he cam wi' us, has dang the guts out o' twa bibles.'"

Another betheral of a Glasgow church, criticising the sermon of a minister from the country, characterised it as "gude coorse country wark."

But, perhaps, the best betheral story is the following, with which we must close our numerous extracts:

"A dog was present during the service, and in the sermon the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting at the top of his voice. The dog, who, in the early part had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise, and from whining and whining, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the betheral to put out the dog, who at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit,

and to say very significantly, 'Ay, ay, sir, but indeed it was yersel began it.'

We have said enough to convince any one who enjoys—and who does not?—a thoroughly good Scottish story, capitably and genially told, that he will find in Mr. Ramsay's excellent volume the perfect realisation of his wishes. Numerous as our extracts have been, the reader may turn to the book itself with the full assurance that he will find in it many more stories at least as good as those which we have selected as samples.

Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Translated into English Verse. (Quaritch.)

OMAR KHAYYAM is a Persian poet who is little known in Persia, and who is still less known in Europe. Verbosity was certainly not one of his characteristics, and wanting this, he might possibly lack the passport to Oriental fame; but if the astronomer-poet of Persia appears as well in his native garb as he appears in English, it was certainly high time that he should be brought out of his obscurity. We learn that he was born at Naishápúr, in Khorassán, in the latter half of the eleventh century, and died within the first quarter of the twelfth. He was much more celebrated for his astronomical and mathematical studies and acquirements than for his poetical powers; and yet it would appear that his poems are the only remains which have been preserved to perpetuate his memory. His history is intimately connected with that of two individuals who were notorious in their time:—Nizám al Mulk, Vizier to Alp the Lion and Malik Shah, son and grandson of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who wrested Persia from the successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian dynasty which provoked Europe into the crusades, and Hassan al Sabbáh, so celebrated among the crusaders as "The Old Man of the Mountains." These three were fellow-students under the Imám Mowaffak, of Naishápúr; and, if we are to believe Nizám al Mulk, they made a mutual and romantic vow to benefit each other. When the Imám rose from his lectures, the three invariably associated together; and one day Hassan said to Nizám, and to the future poet-astronomer, "It is a universal belief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, if we all do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will; what, then, shall be our mutual pledge and bond?" "Be it what you please," was the answer. "Well," he said, "let us make a vow that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest, and resume no pre-eminence for himself." This was agreed to. In the course of time the historian became administrator of affairs during the sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán. Hassan speedily made his appearance, and claimed the fulfilment of the youthful vow. His former friend at once recognised the claim, and had good cause to repent of his generosity ere long. Omar, the poet, also presented himself, but not to claim title or office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," said he, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune; to spread wide the advantages of science; and pray for your long life and prosperity." The boon was at once granted; and at "Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, busied," adds the Vizier, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in astronomy, wherein he at-

tained to a very high pre-eminence." Omar's Epicurean freedom of thought and expression rendered him the dread of the Súfis. The oriental mysticism of his age was altogether distasteful to him, and he soon made it apparent that he would make no compromise between faith and unbelief, between spiritualism and materialism, between this world and the next, between the religion of Mahomet and absolute scepticism. With more courage than the majority of orientals, he refused to disguise his creed in gorgeous draperies. He did not allow himself the luxury of floating through the lazy hazes in which the Súfis hid their real mistrust and misbelief; but spoke out boldly, rashly, and—in the light of Christianity—impiously, on the most momentous topics. He made no pretence of allegory; his wine was the veritable juice of the grape; his beauties were no divine harmonies, but consisted of flesh and blood; his gardens were not the haunts of houris, but plots of earthly flowers; he preferred the tavern to the temple; and as his meditations, though sufficing to undermine his belief in the false religion in which he had been nurtured, had failed to find any anchorage of supernal truth, he believed only in the visible and the tangible, and ridiculed those who believed in anything else. His whole creed is expressed in the following stanza:—

But leave the wise to wrangle, and with me
The quarrel of the universe let be:
And, in some corner of the hubbub couch,
Make game of that which makes as much of thee.

No Persian poet of whom we have heard has written so few verses as Omar Khayyám, and none has written so earnestly, or with so much poignancy, and richness and depth of feeling. His poems, though evidently written occasionally, are not the utterances of occasional frames of mind, but are the expressions of life-long habitudes of thought; and nothing can be more dreary than the merriment in which he seeks to drown his despair, and nothing more beautiful than the manner in which he discourses of both. What could be better expressed than the following?

Think, in this batter'd caravanserai
Whose doorways are alternate night and day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his pomp
Abode his hour or two, and went his way.
They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrá, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, and he lies fast asleep.
I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in its lap from some once lovely head.
And this delightful herb whose tender green
Fledges the river's lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

The deep questions of all time pressed heavily on this Persian poet of the middle-ages; and few poets, ancient or modern, have given fuller utterance to the subtlest speculations with which the human intellect can be occupied. The quaint beauty of the following extract must be the excuse for its length:

Listen again. One evening at the close
Of Ramazán, ere the better moon arose,
In that old potter's shop I stood alone
With the clay population round in rows.
And, strange to tell, among the earthen lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried—
"Who is the potter, pray, and who the pot?"
Then said another—"Surely not in vain
My substance from the common earth was ta'en,
That he who subtly wrought me into shape
Should stamp me back to common earth again."
Another said—"Why, ne'er a peevish boy,
Would break the bowl from which he drank in joy;
Shall he that made the vessel in pure love
And fancy, in an after rage destroy!"

None answer'd this; but after silence spake
A vessel of a more ungainly make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the hand then of the potter shake!"

Said one—"Folks of a surly tapster tell,
And daub his visage with the smoke of hell;
They talk of some strict testing of us—ah!
He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Then said another with a long-drawn sigh,
"My clay with long oblivion is gone dry;
But, fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by!"

So while the vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little crescent all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!
Brother!"

Hark to the porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

Everywhere the same crushing fatalism presents itself. The poet maintains that man must be unaccountable, because he has not the choice of his actions; his volitions are but the subordinate pulsations of an invisible Destiny; he is tossed as a ball, to and fro, and has no right to make questions of "Ayes or Noes," but must go left or right as he is impelled; that the finger of Fate is writing and moving on, and that whatever is written can never be cancelled by human wisdom or human agony and penitence:—

And that inverted bowl we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling coo'p't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to it for help—for it
Rolls impotently on as thou and I.

A melancholy creed, but one on which, after his own tragical fashion, the poet contrived to make merry. We must thank the modest translator of this powerful and original poet for the valuable contribution—slight, so far as bulk is concerned, though it be—which he has made to our current literature. Never was the Gospel of Despair preached more fervently than it is in the pages of Khayyám, and few of our modern fatalists could express their convictions with so much terse vigour, or deck their repulsive theories with so many quaint beauties, as this Eastern poet and sage.

Precepts for the Preservation of Health, Life, and Happiness. By Clement Carlyon, M.D. (Whittaker.)

HERE is a book, the very name of which ought to sell it by many thousands. Precepts for the preservation of health are a benefaction in themselves; but here we not only have those Precepts, but rules laid down for the preservation of life itself, and—rapturous promise—even happiness.

Seek no more physicians, cast them with their physic to the dogs; seek no more new sensations in your search after complete blessedness, but send a few common shillings to Messrs. Whittaker's, and receive in return Dr. Carlyon's beneficent Precepts for the preservation of health, and life, and happiness.

Alas! for Dr. Carlyon! his book proves yet once again that there is very little new under the sun. The Precepts are just those of the time of the Pharaohs and our own grandmothers, the precepts which we all know, and which so few of us obey. Temperance, exercise, cleanliness—these are Dr. Carlyon's Precepts, and very certainly good ones; but it is perhaps permissible for us to protest against the doctor's belief, that no one ever knew of them before his own advent. People bathed, even in the dark ages; and there is some evidence to show that one or two people lived respectably in all the times of our forefathers.

The first Precept with which Dr. Carlyon favours us is a chapter on "Medical Rank and Responsibility," in the eleventh line of which Goethe is dragged in by the shoulders, and a deal more said about the

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great German than any amount of "Precept" would justify. The second chapter introduces us to the nature and destiny of man, wherein we read a good deal of what Dr. Carlyon is rather disparagingly pleased to call "the Divine intelligence." Nor do we see the truth of the destiny of man, as illustrated in the following extract:

"About the fifteenth year it usually happens that the imagination takes the lead; its reign opportunely coinciding with that glad period of advancing maturity when the bosom of the fair begins to expand, her eyes becoming brighter, and her lips of a deeper red, 'blushing deeper sweets'; whilst the down which had been gathering on the chin of the youth grows to a beard, and the tones of his voice get remarkably grave."

We have yet to learn that boys of sixteen have beards as a rule, or that girls of fifteen are mature. It is true our author is quoting from Blumenbach; but then he is writing English Precepts for English men and women.

It is in this chapter of the Precepts that the Abernethy mania breaks out, a mania which Dr. Carlyon possesses in common with all the pupils of that able but ungracious physician. It is an extraordinary fact that directly an old pupil of Abernethy can place a tale, or a saying, or a remark, or a wink of that wonderful man, as the old pupil will persist in calling him, down comes the tale, or the saying, or the remark, with the most intense self-satisfaction. Indeed this gratification has led more than one cynical philosopher to conclude that the belief in Abernethy arose from the power the amiable ruffian had of making every student he spoke to, feel himself the cleverest fellow in the world—but one! of course that unit being Abernethy himself. "My respected friend and instructor," says Dr. Carlyon of Abernethy,—is there not here some evidence of vanity? If not, why does the friendship take the *pas* of the instruction?

We need not say that when Dr. Carlyon gets to the question of longevity, all the old examples of tremendous age are trotted out with the most unflinching determination; but thus much must be said for the Precepts, that they do not offer an infallible recipe to acquire old age. We have no parallel to the recent buttermilk theory, by imbibing which people were to last comparatively for ever. To be sure, a clear evidence of the efficiency of the plan was not forthcoming; but then the whole theory, we believe, came from Germany; and what more could be expected? Again, the question as to where all the buttermilk is to come from, in case of the universal adoption of this project, remains in darkness; nor is the destination of the superior milk made clear; but then how invaluable all theories are, and how grateful we should be for their promulgation.

As we proceed in the acquisition of the Precepts, and find ourselves involved in their intricacies, an awful question of our own arises in our minds. As the name of Lewis Cornaro keeps continually turning up, like a rapid paternoster in seasons of perpetual difficulty, as splashes of German, fragments of Latin, scraps of French, and atoms of Greek keep floating before our eyes; as we read of Calvin cracking a nut with Cicero, and of an old friend who "fell a victim to influenza," we inquire have the Precepts in their author's own case turned out a failure: is mental fog a necessary accompaniment of health, life, and happiness? And the disagreeable conclusion is

thrust upon us, that if this state of mind is the result of perfect and permanent health we would rather be without it.

Lewis Cornaro was a Venetian nobleman who lived to exceed a hundred years of age, and that after a very dissipated youth; a fact which will be a source of great satisfaction to every "Young Rapid" of the present day. Whether he will consider such an existence "life" at all, he may judge by the following Precepts laid down by the Venetian nobleman himself, and translated for the benefit of all England:

The nourishment which I take, being in quality and quantity just enough to suffice nature, breeds no such corrupt humours, as spoil the best constitutions. 'Tis true, indeed, that besides this precaution, I made use of many others. For instance, I took care to keep myself from heats and colds, I abstained from all violent exercises, as also from ill hours and women. I no longer lived in places where was an unwholesome air, and took special care to avoid the being exposed to violent winds, or to the excessive heat of the sun. All these cautions may seem morally impossible to those men, who, in their transactions in the world, follow no other guides but their own passions; and yet they are not hard to be practised, when a man can be so just to himself, as to prefer the preservation of his health to all the pleasures of sense, and necessary hurry of business."

Imagine all men going about with thermometers to provide against "heat" and "cold." Draw a picture of giving nature only just as much as nature demands. Conceive all London rushing in doors at the first puff of a high wind, everyone going about with a spread umbrella to ward off even an October sun, the last of the London year—all humanity going to bed at nine, and man, struck with a new wisdom, turning away from domestic felicity, with the cry, "I want to live as long as Old Parr."

And it is after laying down these Precepts of long life that Lewis Cornaro, Venetian nobleman, thus continues:

"I likewise found it advantageous to me, not to abandon myself to melancholy, by banishing out of my mind whatever might occasion it: I made use of all the powers of my reason, to restrain the force of those passions, whose violence does often break the constitution of the strongest bodies."

Imagine a popular state of cheerfulness under such circumstances as we have supposed!

It is to be hoped Dr. Carlyon will not class us with that patient of his who, upon receiving a remonstrance against his high feeding, retorted, "What, would you have me crawl through life like a man worm?" It may be we are temperate, but we certainly do not desire to pass through the world like a mere stick. *A propos* to intemperance, the doctor makes some attacks upon it as the cause of gout, and he quite forgets to state that this most horrible of all the ills to which flesh is heir is frequently present in bodies whose owners are almost as temperate as Lewis Cornaro himself. Of this complaint Dr. Carlyon says:

"Now, it is well known that the gout is often made an excuse for indulging in a glass of brandy and water, sometimes in order to bring out a fit of the gout, and sometimes to correct a tendency to it; brandy and good old sherry being supposed to have no mysterious treacherous acid lurking in them. This matter was well understood by my experienced friend the late Dr. Parry, who had, I believe, more to do with the treatment of gouty patients than any other physician of his time. He told me that he was so far from advocating alcoholic stimulants that he considered it much

safer, even for persons constitutionally predisposed to gout, to drink light French wines rather than any more stimulant beverages; but—"

Here follows one of the doctor's Grecian flourishes, the force of which we mercifully refuse to see.

There are many good arguments against intemperance, and so good that a false argument is unpardonable, for it injures the very cause it would aid. Take the following statement:

"The world's mode of living (it is the citizen of Bristol who thus writes) is preposterous. Mixtures, and spices, and wines, are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see; you take, at a dinner-party soup (say turtle), a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, an oyster paté, or a sweetbread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and kidney beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or Sauterne, are added; a wing of a partridge or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds; then you at once sit at ease and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liqueur; if you are not disposed to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret, fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Now put all these things together in a bowl instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Isn't it enough to kill an ostrich? Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life."

This argument against gluttony is simply stupid—would not the herbs of an anchorite, or the plainest bread and cheese lunch be equally nauseous under equal circumstances?

Dr. Carlyon occasionally bursts out with a good thing or two, and which are of vast benefit to the Precepts themselves, for they make them mildly amusing. Here is a college anecdote, which should never have appeared amid the Precepts, for, taken with them, it proves that wit and water are not inseparable:

"There was likewise, at this time, a pensioner at Pembroke, who was as remarkably diminutive as F— was the contrary; but he made the most he could of himself; drank glass for glass with stronger men, and, I have heard, very soon burnt out. He, too, had a certain vein of humour, and often confronted F— at our wine parties, and was supposed to have written the following epigram:

That the stones of our chapel are all black and white,
Is a fact that's undoubtedly true;
But since F—n walks over them morning and night,
'Tis a wonder they are not black and blue."

Quite unintentionally, Dr. Carlyon, through the medium of his "old friend Dr. Clutterbuck," supports Dr. Letheby's singular theory,—of which, by-the-by, we have heard little during the last few years,—that there is a third, or nervous food, to be added to the foods of respiration and nutrition—the principle of which is found in all the temperate drinks of the chief nations of the earth—the principle known generally as theine. Dr. Carlyon says:

"My old and esteemed friend, the late Dr. Clutterbuck, whose professional engagements were such as made it difficult for him to find time for his literary pursuits, told me that he was, for many years, in the habit, when the family retired to rest, of taking a cup or two of strong tea, which enabled him to think and write for two or three hours undisturbedly, after which he went to bed, and slept soundly till the following morning. Happy is the man whose head admits of

being so cleared and lit up by a cup of tea or coffee !”

We believe Lord Brougham owes much of his power of mental endurance to the same cause. “Dr. Carlyon naturally gives a recipe to make this invaluable cup of coffee, but the directions, even aided by Platon’s patent coffee-pot, are vague, as the reader may see :

“It amounts to little more than this, that the coffee must be in full proportion to the quantity of water, and that its flavour and fragrance must not be boiled away.”

We wish we had time to give the plan of a certain Madame Rosalie, of Paris, who can make more good coffee out of a little material than the most ingenious reader would believe. But we must pass on to more serious things, not the least solemn of which is the following translation, by the doctor, of a French maxim :

“Would you wish to live long, let a little suffice,
For, the more a man eats, the sooner he dies.”

Another solemn passage is that where the doctor gives Lord Brougham a pat on the back, and then adds, “but I must not so soon let Lord Brougham drop”—an exhibition of professional care for which his lordship is doubtless grateful. However, far be it from us to disparage Dr. Carlyon—a man who, amidst his Precepts, actually offers a cure for neuralgia, in the shape of vinegar spongings ; and as this recipe somehow leads to the doctor’s plan for acquiring a green old age, we beg to recommend the morsel :

“Every morning, the first thing after putting on a warm dressing gown, I thoroughly swamp my head with a wet towel, and then, having rubbed the capital quite dry, I shave with cold water. Still keeping on the dressing-gown, I next wash my feet and the lower half of my person with a wet towel ; then rub these parts quite dry and sponge them with vinegar, which is wiped off with a dry towel, and the dress as far as the waist proceeds. The dressing-gown, &c., are then removed, and the upper half of the body, with the exception of the head, is dealt with in precisely the same way as the lower had been ; after which the work of the toilette is completed, and I feel refreshed to a degree which nothing can surpass. *Risum teneatis, amici ?* Well ! I can afford it ; and I hope the time may come when you will say with me, ‘Let them laugh that win !’”

This recipe naturally leading back to rheumatism, we have Dr. Carlyon’s cure for the same, attended by active inflammation :

“I determined, however, when a similar case subsequently came under my care, to draw blood freely from the arm ; and the abstraction of about a pint, from a sufficiently large orifice to admit of a full stream, produced instant relief, and gave me such confidence in the use of the lancet in similar cases, that I ventured to recommend it in that of a gentleman between seventy and eighty years old, who was suffering extremely from acute sciatica, with a firm pulse, and nothing to excite any dread of the consequences of venesection. To this, however, there was objection made, both by the patient and those around him ; they all said that there was a constitutional intolerance of loss of blood in their family.”

We have singularly little doubt about the objections taken by the family, and even the patient. If this is one of the Precepts for finding life, health, and, above all *happiness*, the road is but a doleful one. Another of the Precepts is teeth extraction.

It is when we arrive at page 111 that we come to the terrible conclusion that somebody is blowing somebody’s trumpet. Here is the “Precept” to which we refer :

“I cut through many inches of exquisitely painful skin, as thick and as hard, to use an ex-

pression of my friend Abernethy’s, as tapping leather ; and, severe as was the operation, gave prompt relief. So successful, in fact, was the result, that the surgeon, on the following day, found a patient, of whose life he had despaired, comparatively in a convalescent state, and who recovered rapidly.”

It is at this portion of the book that a perfect crop of Carlyonian cures assail the reader, and as we go on we learn that one of the Precepts for the support of life, health, and happiness is to pay due attention to Dr. Carlyon’s cures for puerperal fever. This dose is succeeded by a few cheerful remarks on tetanus, and thus reduced to the lowest ebb of interest, we take a plunge through a good piece of the work, and come up amongst Dr. Carlyon’s cases of vaccination.

On this vexed question much is said, but little practical good is to be found. Dr. Carlyon says with respect to enforcing the compulsory Vaccination Act that :

“To ensure adequate inspection, superior medical men, whether physicians or surgeons, must be appointed in all the unions of the kingdom, with a remuneration from Government of not less than three guineas a week.”

The doctor cannot be a political economist, or he would never have advanced such a proposition. The only men who can pretty fairly tell the number of cases where vaccination has not been accomplished are the doctors, and they are precisely the men who are from the very nature of their work disempowered from enforcing the provisions of that bill, however much they may feel their value. Were it compulsory upon every medical man to procure a certificate of vaccination for every child he brings into the world, the law itself would be the scapegoat upon which he could lay the odium of compulsion. He cannot act thus at present—should a medical man turn informer in a case of neglected vaccination, he would do so at much professional, and much social risk. That some amendment of the Compulsory Vaccination Act is needed, every day experience proves—an amendment which shall effect what we in common with Dr. Carlyon, must so ardently desire—the annihilation of small-pox.

Having arrived half way through the book, Lewis Cornaro, Venetian nobleman, takes possession of the remainder of the sheets, and narrates his experiences and his ideas in a circumlocutory way which is positively intolerable.

In a few words, Dr. Carlyon has said, “I will write a book,” and he has done it : his best friends may deplore the fact, and everybody will say that he might have written to more purpose.

Glaucus ; or, the Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley, F.S.A., F.L.S., &c., Author of “Westward Ho !” “Hypatia,” &c. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE title which Mr. Kingsley has chosen for this elegant little work is peculiarly appropriate, embracing as it does a variety of significations all of which have reference to the ocean. It is with the natural history of the shore, however, as exhibited in the lower forms of animal life, to which the author here confines himself.

It is almost needless to say anything on the advantages to be derived from the study of natural history. Whichever of the three kingdoms of nature may be chosen, the benefits are much the same ; the youthful student is withdrawn from the temptations offered by corrupt associates and sensual and

debasement amusements, and while his spirit is refined by contemplation of the wonders of nature, a sentiment of devotion is engendered and the kindly feelings brought out and rendered prominent. Scarcely less important are the physical benefits it confers ; the necessary exertion strengthens the limbs, inures the body to fatigue, and produces a habit of self-reliance which will prove of great utility in the battle of life of after years.

Of late years the means of studying the natural history of the shore have been placed within the reach of all. The sea-side is now within a very few hours of London, and although those parts of the coast which lie nearest the metropolis are perhaps the least favourable for the study of marine zoology and botany, yet, even in the course of a couple of days, a careful search among the rocks will produce sufficient specimens to start a small aquarium, which will afford the young naturalist both instruction and amusement of no paltry character for many months after his return.

We can imagine few things more beneficial in a family of children than a well managed aquarium, which all shall have the pleasure of examining without exercising the rights of possession to the exclusion of the others. A broad glass jar or porcelain basin filled with sea water, and containing a few pebbles at the bottom, a periwinkle or two, a young crab about the size of a pea, a small prawn, two or three anemones as big as a gooseberry, and a few pieces of live seaweed, will form a piece of furniture which will do more towards rendering the children gentle and affectionate than anything else that could be devised.

To the sportsman an acquaintance with natural history is of almost invaluable service. A recent writer has described Mr. Gould in the wilds of Norway with an old-fashioned gun, and just the bare means of making it go off, and yet while unaccompanied by dogs, and determined to shoot only certain birds, he had brought down in a few hours more than the most enthusiastic sportsman, furnished with all the appliances of art, could hope to kill in a long day. In fly-fishing, too, a knowledge of the habits of the fish and the varieties of insect which frequent the different streams at various seasons of the year, will do more towards filling a basket than anything without this can effect. But it is during an autumnal visit to the sea-side that the search for anemones and sea-weed becomes a resource. The walks are soon exhausted and the lions visited, and then time hangs heavy with those whose ordinary occupations are of a stirring or exciting nature. But let them explore the wonders of the shore, and each stone will be found replete with objects of beauty and interest ; and the hours that would have been wasted at billiards or some three-year-old novel will now be spent in health-giving exercise among the rocks, or in elevating contemplation of the works of the Creator.

Mr. Kingsley’s work is brought out in a very handsome form. It is beautifully printed on a tinted paper, tastefully and appropriately bound, and the plates which illustrate it, while accurate in the drawing, are so artistically arranged, and their tone so good, that they would prove as ornamental in an album as useful in a book of science. The style in which “Glaucus” is written is very attractive ; and, if the writer is a little inclined not only to find “sermons in stones, and books in running brooks, and good in

everything for a text, own, who fail to do can hardly many b Kingsley astronom must be There being co numerou in a fou Printers may aris racy is scientific tended stances. Illustrati indicated similar t The next Turritell all, but littore, Further later “illustrati is eviden occurs n the nam pendix, form.” but real by such back at and Mr. looked t

Specula Thom burg The co Mr. De consider tenth v second and phi a collect which b original Perhaps is that Charle ing hist hero an which is of the Throug traces sublety (we belie always between suppose on Lor Quincey falseho the poet sacrifice or the person consider always Quincey displays subject, much th congratu has been

everything," but also to take these objects for a text whereon to write homilies of his own, where none but those born blind could fail to draw a moral for themselves, this can hardly be called a blemish, and will by many be even regarded as a beauty. Mr. Kingsley may be sure that if an undevout astronomer is mad, an undevout naturalist must be so equally.

There is one point on which we regret being compelled to enter, and that is, the numerous typographical errors to be found in a fourth edition corrected and enlarged. Printers are not infallible, and mistakes may arise from a variety of causes; but accuracy is a matter of vital importance in a scientific work, and especially in one intended for beginners. To give some instances. In the very first reference to the illustrations at the end of the book, Fig. 3 is indicated instead of Fig. 1, and cases similar to this occur no less than six times. The next time the plates are referred to, the *Turritella* mentioned is not to be found at all, but in its place a shell of *Littorina littorea*, with a soldier crab inside, is given. Further on again, *Sagartia viduata* is translated "snake-locked anemone," while the illustration represents *S. anguicomma*, which is evidently intended. This sort of blunder occurs more than once; while the spelling of the names in the body of the work, the appendix, and the plates, is anything but uniform. These remarks may appear captious, but really to a beginner the confusion created by such misprints would be a serious drawback at the commencement of a new study, and Mr. Kingsley will do well to have them looked to before a new edition sees the light.

Speculations, Literary and Philosophic. By Thomas De Quincey. (London and Edinburgh: James Hogg & Sons.)

THE collected edition of the works of Mr. De Quincey is gradually assuming very considerable proportions. This is the thirteenth volume of the entire series, and the second which has been devoted to literary and philosophic speculations. It consists of a collection of eight detached papers, all of which bear sufficient marks of having been originally composed at no very recent period. Perhaps the most remarkable in the volume is that suggested by Mr. James's history of *Charlemagne*, in which an acute and interesting historical parallel is drawn between that hero and Napoleon Bonaparte, the object of which is to show Mr. De Quincey's conviction of the infinite inferiority of the latter. Throughout this paper there are abundant traces of that singular and characteristic subtlety of perception which induced Carlyle (we believe) to say of De Quincey, "that he always saw at least nine distinct differences between two things which every one else supposed to be exactly alike." In the article on Lord Carlisle's lecture on Pope, Mr. De Quincey dwells principally on the inveterate falsehood which, in his view, was inherent in the poet's character, and which led him "to sacrifice even the most solemn of his opinions, or the most pathetic memorial from his personal experiences, in return for a sufficient consideration, which consideration meant always, with him, poetic effect." Mr. De Quincey executes his task *con amore*, and displays an intimate acquaintance with his subject, which leads us to regret, however much the circumstance may be a source of congratulation to the poet's admirers, that he has not carried out the idea which he

once entertained of preparing an edition of Pope's works. The papers on Sir J. Mackintosh and Anecdote are less noticeable, the former being merely a discussion of two or three points selected at random from Sir James's collected works, and the latter affording a fair specimen of Mr. De Quincey's lighter and more amusing style. The remaining four papers are devoted to German literature. Two or three are simply translations, the first of Kant's "Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmopolitical Plan," and the second of Lessing's "Laocoon." The latter is accompanied by a short introduction, and a few scattered notes; and any one who is unable to become acquainted with this critical masterpiece in its mother language will find Mr. De Quincey's translation perhaps the best possible substitute for the original. Of the other two papers, one gives a brief sketch of the life and works of Herder, and the other is devoted to an examination of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." A blind and indiscriminate admiration for everything which bears the name of Goethe has been, and still is, so prevalent a feeling in England, that we welcome the republication of this latter paper with peculiar satisfaction. Mr. De Quincey's criticism takes the form of a minute analysis of the female characters in this celebrated work—a mode of proceeding which is admirably calculated to exhibit the tedious and almost idiotic immorality which renders it conspicuous even among Goethe's novels. The fact that Carlyle should have devoted a portion of his life to translating this singular book, has always seemed to us one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable anomalies of this or any other period. We cannot suppose that a man of his stamp could be influenced by a blind worship for a great name; nor is it easy to imagine what special attractions he could find in a work whose distinguishing characteristics are dullness and immorality. If, as we firmly believe to be the case, there are any people who, never having read the book, still feel a vague but intense respect for it on the strength of the names of its author and translator, we strongly recommend them to devote a few minutes to Mr. De Quincey's paper—a process which will be quite as effectual, and far less wearisome, than the perusal of the work itself.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

SCARCELY have we finished our chronicle of the proceedings at Aberdeen, where the great stars of physical science shone out gloriously in an horizon of their own—when the note of preparation is sounded for another congress in another locality. Bradford in Yorkshire, once famous only for its broad-cloths, and since celebrated for its musical taste and its munificent support of that most fascinating of the sciences—is to be the place of meeting for the socialists—not the disciples of MM. Cabet and Considérant, not the inventors of a new Phalanstère or the seekers after a new Utopia, but the students of social science. They are generally called Sociologists, but Socialists is a better word; and as the men who once usurped the name have long ago been made to understand that the world had no need of their theories—we see no reason why it should not be appropriated by those who have a genuine right to the title. At Bradford, then, in Yorkshire, a social congress is to assemble on the 10th of this present month, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftes-

bury, and the sections will respectively discuss jurisprudence, education, punishment and reformation, public health, and social economy. When we state that they will be headed by Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the Hon. C. Adderley, M. Milnes, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, and Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, we may at least be satisfied of one thing, that those who direct the congress will be themselves eminent in their various departments. If we spoke in terms of high approval of the British Association, we can speak in still higher ones of this Society. To its annual gathering we look for the publication of a mass of important facts bearing on the condition of the people, and to a calm and philosophical discussion of the social progress and social experiments of the year. There is, perhaps, in all Europe, no name which stands higher than that of the Earl of Shaftesbury. He has been a bold and consistent social reformer from the very commencement of his public life; there is scarcely a good cause which he has not taken up, scarcely a movement which he has directed which has been unsuccessful. Sir William Page Wood adds to an unusual amount of legal learning a clearness of conception and an energy in all questions of social reform, which place him second only to the Earl of Shaftesbury, while the other gentlemen whose names we have recited have all proved their title to the confidence of the country. Social Science is a new term, and the thing itself is, as it is now treated, a new pursuit. That persons not individually interested should dive into troublesome statistics; that they should inquire how long, on the average, housemaids keep their places; how many persons married during the quarter could write their names; how many barrels of pilchards were salted on the coast of Cornwall, and how many boxes of sardines were sent into this country from Bordeaux; would have astonished our ancestors much as similar inquiries surprise a Turk of our own time. "Oh, joy of my liver," exclaimed an old pacha to an inquirer of this stamp; "I have been sixty years in this province, and twenty years governor of this town, but never yet have I inquired as to the number of the tiles on the houses, nor what kind of dirt the people take away in their carts. Mashallah! Life is short: let us enjoy its blessings and be thankful." Yet it is from minute inquiries such as these that we are able to show the connection between ignorance and crime, between commerce and education; to point out the bearing of cheap food on public morals, and to prove that more vice springs from famine than from abundance. It is no small thing to trace the various degrees of healthiness which attach to particular localities and particular occupations, to be able to re-arrange in the public interest the tariff of benefit clubs and insurance offices, and to preach by a few figures a sermon against intemperance more terribly effective than all the wandering orators of the kingdom. It is social science which lengthens life by removing the avoidable causes of mortality; which secures us unadulterated food, and teaches us how to cook it; which neutralises the miasmata of fever, sends our dead to be buried beyond the walls of our cities, takes count of the children that are educated, and provides for the education of the rest; rescues our working-men from the gin-palace, provides them better recreation than skittles, opens galleries and museums, establishes libraries, cares for our soldiers

and seamen, penetrates into prisons, and makes them houses of correction; and, in short, takes the human race in its natural savage state, and returns it to society civilised and instructed. Such is the science which is to be discussed at Bradford; and if Pope be right, and,

The proper study of mankind is man!

it ought to attract more philosophers than even a lunch at Balmoral without hostess or host. It is impossible not to see that we greatly need such meetings. Even yet in this vast metropolis there are huge evils which all the wisdom of the age has been impotent to prevent and helpless to cure. Even now houses are built without the slightest regard to sanitary principles, and draining is so imperfectly understood that its very first steps are disputed. We are not quite sure that we know rightly how to pave our streets, and as to cooking our food, nine out of ten who take upon them to superintend this important operation, only waste good materials in producing the most indigestible and unwholesome dishes. Our laws, especially our criminal laws, are an uncoded mass—we might say, mess! Judges and juries are perpetually invading each other's province; and the very principles of evidence are, day by day, being discussed, as though they had still to be ascertained.

If we turn to the question of education, it would task the calculating boy, if there be such an individual extant, or Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, if the organ-boys will allow it to work properly, to count only the number of works which appear upon it monthly: readers involuntarily shrug their shoulders and turn to some more attractive topic. Everybody has his hobby and rides it to death, but surely there never was one which had so many riders, and such hard riders too, as education. British schools, national schools, training colleges, inspectors of schools, new books, new apparatus, new examinations, claim our attention day after day, till we are almost inclined to say with Omar: "If these things are consistent with the Divine word, they are superfluous: if not, they are mischievous—burn them all!" One branch is somewhat newer than the rest,—the education of women. Hitherto the higher classes have been taught to draw execrable flowers, to talk execrable French, to dance whatever saltations were most in fashion, and to play the piano, just so as to make it unnecessary to carry a supply of cotton for the ears—we have improved this state of things; young *ladies*—we use the term to distinguish them from young *persons*—have now science and history added to their accomplishments. The literature of France and Italy receives a proper degree of attention, and that of our own country is not neglected. The classics have a few female votaries, and to use a commercial phrase, women are "looking up." But for their poorer sisters nothing very effectual has been done as yet, our newspapers teem with the most revolting cases of wife-beating, and often wife-murder; but candour compels us to admit that, in most instances, it is a mere fight between two brutes, and the stronger brute is victorious. If it be an insult to a horse to apply the term "brute" to such men, it is difficult to find one more applicable to the slatternly, shrill-tongued, virago who is quite as violent and quite as vicious as her partner in dirt and misery. Social science has much to do here!

To turn to a different, but scarcely more attractive subject, who will undertake to teach working-men the folly of strikes; to show them that they are only keeping, by their contributions, a few delegates in idleness and official importance; while they are wasting their own resources, crippling that very capital on which they have to depend, and depriving both themselves and their employers of that liberty which they pretend so highly to value? That a body of men should propose, and that in the nineteenth century, to equalise the condition of working-men by causing those who had work, to do little, in order that those who had none might make up the deficiency; that they should deliberately claim ten hours' wages for nine hours' labour, and imagine that while the employer found the capital, the labourer, or rather the *soi-disant* labourer! should be credited with the philanthropy, is more than the most imaginative mind could conceive. Yet this has been done; and if common sense is ever to have any rule again among what are called "the operative classes," it is to Social Science that we must owe the wonder. Well, then, may we hail the meeting of a few really able men, who will undertake the discussion of such questions, and who, by their position, are not liable to be suspected of any personal interest in the solution.

Nor can we pass without notice the frequency of marriage within what are called the forbidden degrees of affinity. Hudibras assures us that:

"Grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
That they be suffered to espouse."

But, whatever may be the case between Grace and Virtue, whose espousals must be of a highly metaphorical character, certain it is that marriages contrary to our present laws do take place every day, and are on the increase rather than otherwise. Can social science do nothing here? Is it impossible to bring the pope's law on the one hand, and the law of Nature on the other, to a fair conflict, so that one, and one only, may be acknowledged? Shall we be always looking forward to a parliamentary decision on subjects in which the dearest interests of morality are involved?

The great social evil, as it has been called—can the assembled wisdom of such men as we have named devise nothing for its mitigation? Granting that it will exist, can nothing be done to render it less mischievous? must we continue to be at once the wonder and the opprobrium of the world for the state of our streets and the evidences of our morals? This subject is one which most moralists shrink from, hoping that somebody else will take it up, desiring to see it settled, though by other hands. Is this fair? Are we so entirely to choose our subjects that some, and those among confessedly the most important, are to be left to chance? We put these queries with much diffidence. We hear from all parts of the empire similar complaints, and we would gladly see the topics we have indicated treated as they deserve to be by a congress so well calculated to discuss them. We are sure that, by the 10th of this month there will be gathered together some scores of sincere philanthropists, with some scores of momentous questions before them, and the attention of the nation at large will be turned to their decision, with an anxious hope that their deliberations will not be in vain.

NEW NOVEL.

Cousin Stella; or, Conflict. By the Author of "Violet Bank and its Inmates." (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

THIS tale may fairly challenge a place among the higher, better, and more sterling class of novels. The subject is not new; very far from it; we have had to notice at least two works of fiction built on the same substratum within the last twelve months, but the manner in which the subject is handled displays great freshness and originality, an intimate acquaintance with the secret processes by which moral character is developed and external influences brought to bear on it, and at the same time quite enough imaginative and artistic feeling to render the incidents exceedingly interesting. We have said the subject is not new, for it is simply the history of the formation of a young girl's character, naturally affectionate and honest, but most unnaturally repressed in early days by untoward circumstances. The untoward circumstances consist chiefly in the isolation of the child in a small Swiss village, in company with an invalid grandmother who never sees any one. The death of this oppressive and repressive incubus sets the girl free among her relations, and she is at once transported into the centre of English middle-class society—ignorant, unformed, sensitive, but withal honest and brave, and of course yearning for affection. A certain Cousin Louis, from the West Indies, makes an opportune appearance, and takes on him the task of schooling the young mind, to such purpose that of course the pupil falls in love with the schoolmaster resolutely and lastingly. Stella's education in England completed, the scene changes to Jamaica, where she goes to join her father, a coarse, tipsy planter. Here she meets Cousin Louis again, as well as a formidable rival in the shape of an aunt of her own, who is domiciled with him, and it is here that the best scenes in the work are enacted. The period chosen is that of the fearful excitement on the subject of slave emancipation in connection with Mr. Huskisson's celebrated letter, and a vivid picture is drawn of the state of society, black and white, in the island at that time. Stella's father is poisoned by a revengeful black, and his two little boys accidentally falling victims to the same draught, Stella becomes sole owner of the property, under the guardianship of Cousin Louis. In one of the risings of the slaves he receives a couple of bullets at the hands of a malignant scoundrel, and though his life is spared, he becomes a cripple for life. Meanwhile Stella, having by degrees arrived at the conviction that he returns her affection, insists on watching over the rest of his days in the character of wife and nurse. Such is a meagre outline of the main thread of the plot, which however has of course numerous ramifications; but enough has been developed to enable our readers to judge how the successive scenes and societies among which Stella is thrown, the startling and chastening events which happen to her, and the calm admonitions of a grave and wise relative, can be made in skilful hands to operate through a history of deep interest in forming a very loveable character out of somewhat unfavourable materials. Almost the only fault we find with the book is that the details of the conflict—or so much of it as arises out of the rivalry of the two ladies domiciled under the same roof with the *objet*—are worked out with somewhat too great an elaboration. But this is but a trifling fault in comparison with the real merits of the rest of the work. For moral, we may quote Cousin Louis's fundamental lesson to his pupil, "Learn to forget yourself, devote yourself, sacrifice yourself, that is the law set up, not by man, but proclaimed by God." This was the lesson Stella carefully and painfully learned, and in the practice of which she spent the flower and prime of her life.

THE TEA PLANT IN AMERICA.—Mr. Fortune, in a letter to the *Washington Constitution*, says his success in cultivating the tea plant in America far exceeds his most sanguine expectations.

SHORT NOTICES.

A New Latin Grammar. By M. D. Kavanagh. (Catholic Publishing Company.) Mr. Kavanagh apologises for this publication by protesting that elementary works, clearly and concisely written, and methodically arranged, are treasures of incalculable value, and that too many attempts cannot be made to render them perfect and complete. He has produced a Latin Grammar which is certainly concise, which is all method, and nothing but method, and which is very clear to advanced pupils who wish to refresh their memories, or settle some doubt which may arise in their minds in the course of composition. His work is an outline, and nothing but an outline; a very bare skeleton, every portion of which must be committed to memory, and no scope whatever is given to thought. We pity the little boys whose destiny it is to learn Latin under Mr. Kavanagh's guidance.

Homeopathy and Hydropathy impartially appreciated. By Edwin Lee, M.D. 4th Edition. (John Churchill.) Dr. Lee demonstrates that homeopathy is by no means Aaron's rod which ate up the rods of his brethren, and that cold water is not the one remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. He most victoriously, and yet almost unknowingly and in a manner innocently, establishes the fact which has long been known to all sensible men—not doctors—who took the trouble to think about the matter, that an all-sufficient system and an all-powerful remedy is just as little to be thought of as the philosopher's stone. If homeopathy could cure all diseases its efficacy would long since have ceased to be a moot point; if no illness could resist the use of water, that liquid would be the elixir of life. But when all the arguments for or against have been exhausted—when the faculty have wrangled and written until their fingers and their tongues are stiff, they cannot shake the fact that important cures have been effected by the homeopathic and by the water system, when judiciously employed, not by homeopaths and hydropaths, but by those few tolerant, discerning, and thoroughly eclectic philosophers of the profession who scorn to swear obedience to a school; who, while they learn from, will not blindly follow the lead either of Hahnemann, or Priessnitz, or Abernethy, but who examine all and retain the best. Nor should it be forgotten that to Hahnemann's errors we owe a retrenchment in the matter of those drenching potions which the old school of allopathy poured down our throats; while to the vagaries of the Priessnitz school we are indebted for those delicious draughts of cold water which before his time were rigorously denied to the parched lips of the fever patient. Dr. Lee treats of these matters more liberally and with greater candour than the majority of his colleagues; and the demand for his book furnishes unmistakable evidence of the importance which the public attaches to the subject he has broached rather than discussed.

Studien zur Geschichte der Spanischen und Portugiesischen National Literatur. Von Ferdinand Wolf. (Nutt.) A reprint of seven essays contributed by Herr Wolf to various German periodicals, but chiefly to the *Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur*. Four of these essays are devoted to the illustration of Spanish literature in the Middle Ages, while two more treat of the Spanish Romances and the drama, and the concluding paper is devoted to the history of Portuguese literature. On all the subjects contained in it, this volume affords a vast fund of information, but that information is neither accessible, nor manageable, nor agreeable. The author belongs to that class of German scholars who are masters in the acquisition of knowledge, but ever tyros in the art of communicating it to others. As works of reference, these books may be useful; but they can never be otherwise than wearisome to the general reader. In the present instance, Mr. Wolf would have benefited the public and increased his own popularity, had he recast and remodelled his magazine articles instead of simply reprinting them and appending his later ideas in the shape of long foot-notes. He would have produced a more readable, a more interesting, a

more useful, in a word, a better book, had he been able thus far to conquer his national prejudice in favour of clumsy book-making.

Geology in the Garden; or, the Fossils in the Flint Pebbles. By Rev. H. Eley, M.A. (Bell & Daldy.) It would seem that geology has not even yet been sufficiently popularised. Though quite alive to the fact that it has received a larger share of amateur attention than, perhaps, any other branch of science, Mr. Eley is not without apprehension that many are deterred from its pursuit by an impression that it cannot be successfully prosecuted by any one who has not leisure and opportunity for extending his observation over a wide tract of country. Accordingly he undertakes to remove this impression by showing that abundant evidence and illustration of some of the most important geological facts may readily be found within the limits of any ordinary garden. As he confines his attention principally to such phenomena as occur at or near the surface of the soil, it is not to be expected that he should descend very low in the geological series; and in fact he deals almost exclusively with the later tertiary deposits. Taking as his text the numerous flint pebbles which are scattered so abundantly over many parts of England, he proceeds to show that the nature of their fossils affords convincing proof that they belong to the chalk formation; states the different theories by which geologists have attempted to account for their origin; and insists upon the fact that the varieties of form which they exhibit prove that they must have been conveyed to their present position, some by the agency of water, some by that of ice. He dwells at great length upon the evidence by which the activity of the latter of these agents in times long past has at last been conclusively established: in fact, he has devoted to the exposition of the glacial theory a far larger portion of his book than is assigned to the subject which he has selected for its second title. Having thus accounted for the deposit of the immediate substratum of the garden-soil, it only remains for him to point out the agencies by which the soil, or mould, itself has gradually been formed: a task which he accomplishes in a very clear and interesting manner, drawing particular attention to the importance of the services rendered by earthworms and ants in insuring the continual fertility of the soil by providing for the constant admixture of its vegetable constituents with a due proportion of mineral or inorganic matter. Such is, briefly, a summary of the contents of Mr. Eley's book. There is nothing new in it; but the facts with which it deals, in themselves of great intrinsic interest, are carefully compiled and clearly and pleasantly reproduced: and the volume, illustrated as it is by several well-executed engravings of the fossils of the chalk formations, constitutes a very acceptable addition to our already extensive stock of popular geological literature. In his concluding chapter, Mr. Eley makes a few remarks on the difficulty of reconciling the discoveries of geological science with the records contained in the Mosaic writings. The gist of these remarks is that the time has not yet come when we can hope to settle this question in a satisfactory manner; and that the only rational course is to suspend our judgment entirely for the present, and to devote ourselves to the acquisition of more exact scientific knowledge on these points. Mr. Eley deserves great credit for his distinct enunciation of this conclusion, which, though probably the most reasonable at which, under the circumstances, it is possible to arrive, geologists of his profession have but too seldom the candour to admit. But, in pursuing the subject further, he is led into an assertion, the truth of which is at least questionable. The discoveries of science, he proceeds to say, have already confirmed the statements of Scripture on so many points, that we may fairly hope that the establishment of a perfect agreement between the two will be the result of further research; and as the most striking, because perhaps the most improbable, instance in which such confirmation has been afforded, he cites the Mosaic statement that all the inhabitants of the earth have sprung from

a single pair, asserting that, on this point, "science goes completely with Scripture as to the matter of fact against the common opinion of mankind." This is surely rather a bold assertion. The common opinion of mankind, at least of that portion of it which admits the Scripture as an authority, is, we incline to think, in favour of the view that all races of men are sprung from one common stock: and it is certain that there are few points on which there is less unanimity in the opinions of the most eminent scientific men. To mention only one instance, is not Mr. Eley aware that Professor Agassiz, whom he himself characterises as "a geologist whose statements must be received with respect by every student of the science," has recorded it as his distinct conviction that in no case has a species ever descended from a single pair. It is not our design to express an opinion on either side of this question, but simply to state the fact that it cannot yet be regarded as ultimately settled. Mr. Eley is perfectly at liberty to consider the already existing evidence as sufficient finally to decide the point; but he will not strengthen his cause by claiming for his view a universality of adoption which it is still far from having actually received.

The Atlantis. No. IV., July. The fourth number of *The Atlantis* certainly proves the existence of considerable mental activity among the members of the Catholic University of Ireland. Its contents are sufficiently varied, there being four literary and as many scientific papers. We do not pretend to have examined the whole; but we can speak to the ability displayed in three of the former class: Mr. McCarthy's article on Calderon's *Sorceries of Sin*; Mr. W. H. Scott's, on the *Sibylline Riddle*; and Canon Morris, on the date of the Book of Job. Mr. McCarthy gives a well-written account of Calderon's *Autos Sacramentales*, a peculiar species of dramatic composition, of which the *Sorceries of Sin* is a specimen, accompanying it with some suggestive remarks on the Spanish rhymes of *asonance*; and then proceeds to offer a translation of the *Sorceries* itself, the metre of which he copies throughout. Read as a poem, the translation is fluent, and fairly poetical. We get a notion of an original which is certainly curious and interesting; as a whole perhaps rather tedious, but with one really striking passage, where Ulysses (Man), with Sin and Music on one side of him, Penance and Understanding on the other, is alternately told to remember that he lives, and to remember that he must die. We are glad to find that Mr. McCarthy thinks of publishing some of his translations from Calderon in a separate form. The paper on the *Sibylline Riddle* is short, mentioning the conditions of the problem, and giving the proposed solution, ἀρχὴ τέλος. Whether or no this be the true answer to a question which has puzzled so many ages of the learned, it has certainly much in its favour. If we demur to anything, it is to the separation into two words, of which the riddle gives us no hint, and to the mode of estimating the number, not by the powers of the nine letters, but by those of the two, a and ω ; the attempt too ingenious. But the most considerable of the three is Canon Morris's article, which is quite a monograph in its way. His belief is that the Book of Job was written in the time of the captivity; and his arguments from the contents of the book are certainly very strong. His command of general philology seems great, and his illustrations are lively and well-chosen, though his style sometimes offends against good taste, and his translations, which are mostly in anapestic rhythm, are forced and obscure, and require his accompanying paraphrases to explain them. But the whole paper shows attainments and powers which would be well employed in some substantial work on biblical criticism. The spirit which breathes through the article is in general sensible and candid, liberal in the best sense: and the remarks on the province of criticism in matters of this sort are such as a Protestant Christian may gladly welcome. We are pleased also to notice the candour and fairness with which Mr. McCarthy acknowledges the merits of Dean Trench's analysis

and critique of one of Calderon's plays. On the whole we lay down the number with great pleasure to think how much there is which we can sympathise with and admire in the productions of writers connected with a body so exclusive in its professions as the Catholic University of Ireland. Perhaps we may be pardoned for any satisfaction that we may feel in noticing that four at least of the eight writers, including the two last of the three whom we have selected for criticism, were originally English churchmen.

Pronunciation of the French Language. (Longmans.) How many more attempts to put sound upon paper shall we chronicle? Can any amount of English reading and explanation induct an English child into the mysteries of the French *u, eu, ieu*? In this treatise we have the opinions of M. Darqué, who hopes to achieve his object by an introductory treatise on the vocal organs. Says M. Darqué:

"I have not been able to ascertain the use of the ventricles of the glottis in the production of sound; nevertheless, it has been affirmed by some of the physiologists who examined into the matter, that these ventricles served to render the sound more harmonious."

We believe we are justified in believing that so short a period as an attentive fortnight in Paris will tend more to an acquisition of the true Parisian accent than all the treatises to that effect ever penned.

Choix des Meilleures Scènes de Molière. Par Dr. E. Dubuc. A collection of scenes from Molière, to which even Tartuffe himself would not openly object.

Poems. By Robert Macleod. Mr. Macleod possesses one good quality—courage to wit, or he would never have published his poems, much less have dedicated them to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Glasgow Celtic Society. As for sending them to the reviewers, a man who can go the length of writing the following verse, would stand at nothing:

Last night she broke her china jug,
The dog-disease had killed her dog,
A scab broke out within the lug
O' her son Alick,
An' Jock was sufferin' i' the rug
Wi' the colic!

As for Mr. Macleod's command over the English language—here is a sample:

With due respect await the great,
Lay not aside decorum,
But shrink not from your own estate,
However mean its form.

If this kind of thing is liked in Glasgow, in the name of common sense let it be confined to that city.

Joseph. A Poem. By Sharon. (Ward.) Here is a specimen of this biblical poem:—"Bury me not in any plot of Egypt's soil, I say; but when I die, let my bones lie, beside my sire's I pray."

Buckland's Elements of Botany. (Hall, Virtue, & Co.) Thirty-six 18mo. pages of elements for 1s. is rather an expensive publication, especially when the thirty-six pages are full of dry, uninteresting, and far from lucid reading.

Mr. Hodgson has added to his series of cheap novels a tale, entitled *Smugglers and Foresters*, a book containing many good scenes.

Amongst several new editions, Mr. Anthony Trollope's *The Warden* is conspicuous.

We have received *Hardwicke's Titles of Courtesy*. Compiled by Edward Walford, M.A. A book fully equal in accuracy to any of a similar character brought out by Mr. Hardwicke.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adams (H. C.), *New Greek Delectus*, 9th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Arvine's *Cyclopedia, Moral and Religious Anecdotes*, new ed. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Atkinson (E. W.), *Extremes*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Baron's (The) *Little Daughter*, edited by Gresley, 3rd ed. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Benzel (Anthony), *A Memoir*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Bickersteth (E.), *Child's Book of Prayers*, 4th ed. 18mo. 1s.
Blenkarn (J.), *British Timber Trees*, post 8vo. 3s.
Bohn's *Illustrated Library*: *Evenings at Haddon Hall*, 5s.
Browne (E. H.), *Sermons on Atonement and other Subjects*, 8vo. 5s.
Cartwright (Mrs.), *Pilgrim Walks, a Chapter of Memories*, 12mo. 5s.
Charlesworth (M.), *Mainstay of Life*, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Christy's *Minstrel Songs*, Part IV. 4to. 1s.
Cicero's *Orations*, by Anthony, new ed. 12mo. 6s.
Claudian; or, *The Messenger of Wandsbeck and his Message*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Clayton (C.), *Sermons preached at Cambridge*, 12mo. 5s.
Clegg (S.), *Treatise on Manufacture of Coal Gas*, 3rd ed. 4to. 31s. 6d.
Cumming (J.), *The Great Tribulation*, 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Dickens (C.), *Works*, Library Edition, Christmas Books, 6s.

- Domestic Architecture in England—Richard II. to Henry VIII.*
Vol. 3, 2 parts. 8vo. 30s.
Gleanings from *Gospel Story*, New Test. Narratives Explained, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Gyll (J.), *A Treatise on Language*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Humphrey's (G. N.), *Genera and Species of British Butterflies*, royal 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Joseph, a Drama, by Sharon, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Lee (Holme), *Hawksview; a Family History*, new ed. 12mo. 2s.
Mabel Owen, an *Autobiography*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Maginn (W.), *Shakspeare Papers*, Grave and Gay, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Mann (T.), *My German Schools and Schoolmasters*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Maxwell (W. H.), *Erin-go-Briagh; or, Irish Life and Pictures*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
McEwen (G.), *Culture of the Peach and Nectarine*, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
More (H.), *Pietas Privata, Private Devotion*, square 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Morning of Life, by Author of "Gordon of Dunairn," 2 vols. 21s.
My *Earnings; or, Story of Ann Ellison's Life*, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Nelson's School Series: *Sixth Book of Lessons*, 12mo. 1s.
Otto (D. E.), *French Conversational Grammar*, 12mo. 5s.
Our Plague Spot in Connection with our Polity, &c., post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, Vol. 2, post 8vo. 1s.
Parlour Library: Evans (A.), *Eldest; or, Settled for Life*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Richmond (L.), *Annals of the Poor*, new ed. 18mo. 2s.
Robinson Crusoe. *Life of author by Stebbing*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Routledge's Standard Novels: Lytton (E. B.), *Caxtons*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Scott (Sir W.), *Antiquary*, Vol. 2, illustrated ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Thackeray (W. M.), *Virginians, a Tale of Last Century*, Vol. 2, 18vo. 13s.
Thiers's History of the French Revolution, Vol. 1, new ed. post 8vo. 4s. 6d. and 5s.
Thompson (Major-General), *Letters to his Constituents*, Vol. 2, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Tytler (A. F.), *Mary and Florence; or, Grave and Gay*, 12th ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Wilmot (C.), *History of War in Hungary, 1848-9*, 12mo. 6s.
West (C.), *Diseases of Infancy and Childhood*, 4th ed. 8vo. 14s.
Wilbraham (F. M.), *History of Kingdom of Judah*, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Wilkins (H. M.), *Progressive Greek Delectus*, 12mo. 4s.
Wilson (J.), *Our Farm Crops*, No. 1, post 8vo. 1s.
Wiltch (J. E.), *Handbook of the Geography and Statistics of the Church*, Vol. 1, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Wordsworth (C.), *Occasional Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey*, Vol. 7, 8vo. 6s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE COLLIER "FOLIO."—The temporary repose in which the Shaksperian combatants seem to be indulging, suggests the propriety of reviewing the principal points of the contest,—the nature and weight of the charges brought against the authenticity of this now famous "Folio,"—the manner in which they have been met, and the steps which must be taken on either side before the matter can be considered finally determined. Although we might reasonably have hoped that a controversy of this nature would be set at rest by the facts themselves, it is nevertheless not surprising, that in the minds of many, considerations of personal character should exercise a very considerable influence. We may regret that this should be the case, and that such a question should not be discussed on other and more convincing grounds. But this would seem to be impossible. Mr. Collier's friends not unnaturally advance, as a powerful argument in his favour, his long life of hitherto unchallenged integrity; while on the other hand we can hardly believe a public department would pledge itself to a judgment so decided, unless able to confirm it by the most unquestionable proof. Could, indeed, this question be restricted to the simple fact, whether the corrections made in the margins of the "Folio" belong, as Mr. Collier asserts, to the middle of the seventeenth, or, as the authorities of the Museum believe, of the nineteenth century, the public would not have hesitated as to which of the two opinions was most entitled to credit. Mr. Collier has doubtless had considerable practice in ancient documents, but no one, we presume, of his most confiding friends, would set his opinion, on a question of hand-writing, against that of Sir Frederick Madden; while at the same time the unanimity of a body of gentlemen—trained as must be those who are employed in the department of manuscripts, with a daily experience such as no private student can command, and with hourly access to writings of all periods—must be considered to have the greatest weight, in any palaeographical subject. If, therefore, the case had rested simply on palaeographic evidence, we should unhesitatingly admit the verdict of the Museum as decisive. As, however, it was clearly seen from the first by Mr. Collier's friends, that, allowing the evidences of forgery to be as distinct as Mr. Hamilton asserts they are, it was impossible to doubt that Mr. Collier himself must have observed them, they have been driven, as we before said, to fall back upon character and reputation, and thus have converted what was a purely literary question into one painfully personal. Let us now see how the case at present stands. On the 2nd of July, Mr. Hamilton's letter appeared in the *Times*; his main charges against the "Folio" being, first, that the "Old Cor-

rector's" hand was an impossible one, on the palaeographic ground that the forms of the letters employed belong, in some instances, to the sixteenth, but in many other cases to the eighteenth century, while, occasionally, those occurring in the margins are not met with at all in authentic documents; the second and graver charge being, that in numerous instances suggestions and corrections written in pencil, in a hand of the present day, but partially rubbed out, are plainly to be seen underlying the professedly old writing. It is hard to conceive a proof of forgery more strong than this; and should such a proof be incontrovertibly established, we should have no hesitation in maintaining that the question of forgery or no forgery is fully determined. Nor can we forget that the attempt made by Mr. Collier to aid the somewhat doubtful authenticity of his volume by asserting that it formerly belonged to Mr. Parry, failed in a very singular and disastrous manner, that gentleman utterly repudiating all knowledge or connection with it. Without, therefore, in the least prejudging the issue of this remarkable controversy, we cannot but think that unless Mr. Hamilton's "facts" are speedily disproved, all reasonable men will give their decision against this "Folio." We may add, too, from our knowledge, that the officers of the Museum do not stand alone in the opinion which has been publicly expressed by one of them, but that many of those gentlemen who have had the longest experience in the study of the Public Records, entirely coincide with them: while on the other hand it cannot fail to be remarked, that although Mr. Collier has among his friends some palaeographers of repute, not a solitary one of these persons has lent his name or his authority to the support of the corrections in this "Folio." It is probable that most people will deem such a silence at least significant, the more so, as the original assertion with regard to the pencil-marks has now remained for some months uncontradicted, though the "Folio" has been minutely scrutinised by many of Mr. Collier's friends. One word more. We hear it rumoured that Mr. Hamilton proposes to introduce into his forthcoming pamphlet, a description of certain documents relating to Shakspeare preserved in the library at Dulwich, together with a notice of the Shaksperian papers in the possession of Lord Ellesmere. It has been stated by Mr. Collier that several of these were some years ago discovered by him, and as such he afterwards published them for the Shakspeare Society. It has been asserted that they, too, or at least some of them, are recent forgeries. By all means, let the Dulwich manuscripts be carefully examined, and let the learned librarian of Bridgewater House give to the world the result of the investigations on which we understand he is at present engaged; but, for our own part, we should prefer to see the questions that have arisen relative to the "Folio" discussed alone, and on their own merits.

THE WINDSOR RAFFAELLE DRAWINGS.—Photographs of the original drawings by Raffaele in the Royal Library at Windsor have been recently taken, at the expense of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and the negatives presented to the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, from which impressions will be supplied to schools of art and the public generally, at the cost of paper and printing. This is a move in the right direction, and we are pleased to see the growing taste for photographs of good paintings, as well as the low price at which these are being offered in the shops, in different parts of the town.

The portrait of a man whose memory is daily rising in national estimation—we mean Oliver Cromwell—has just made its appearance. The portrait is kit-kat size, and has been painted from a miniature in the possession of the Rev. Hill Dawe Wickham, rector of Horsington, Somersetshire. The miniature was originally presented by Cromwell to his favourite, General Whalley, whence it came into the Wickham family, who are lineal descendants of the great William of Wickham. On the back of the miniature Crom-

well appears to have scratched his name; at least the hand bears a striking resemblance to that of the Protector. The artist of the portrait is Mr. T. Lewis, who is known as portrait painter, and whose productions are generally characterised by great truth and force of expression, and for an individuality of character which is rare in a painter. The likeness of Cromwell is singularly striking, even to the "buncles" on his face; and the intellectual vigour of the brow is brought out with great force. This is the Cromwell, as we think, that corresponds to Lord Macaulay's description in his history.

The next General Meeting of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society takes place at Harrow on the 6th inst. A local committee, consisting of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, M.A., vicar, Rev. R. J. Knight, M.A., Rev. B. H. Drury, M.A., Rev. R. Middlemist, M.A., Rev. B. E. Westcott, M.A., Rev. W. M. Hine, M.A., G. F. Harris, Esq., M.A.; W. Bond, Esq., E. T. Elliot, Esq., G. G. Scott, Esq., A.R.A., D. Burton, Esq., Edward Richardson, Esq., Henry W. Sass, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the Society, was formed to make the necessary arrangements, and by the kind permission of the Rev. R. Middlemist met at his house on Tuesday last. It was hoped that Lord Northwick would have been able to preside on the occasion of the meeting, but engagements in another county will prevent his doing so.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 28.

WELL! the example of the Duc de Broglie's son-in-law (Count d'Haussonville) has been followed, and in the same paper, and by one of the most illustrious men in France; and the sensation produced is a great one. Last Sunday, the first page of the *Courrier du Dimanche* bore upon it the title of "The Periodical Press and Universal Suffrage," and two columns and a-half of the noblest prose ever read were closed by the signature of Villemain. The attack is a serious one, for it sets things for the first time in their true light, and shows where the defect really exists, and where the tyranny really lurks. I do not think in England you quite understand the bearings of what is the law here upon what may present itself as a mere incident in public discussion. There are Acts of Parliament in France by which what is arbitrary has been made legal. This is the curious part of the whole, and the part not thoroughly understood. The organic law, for instance, to which the Minister of the Interior adverts in his recent *Circular* to the préfets is a document whereby a fundamental institution of Imperial France is promulgated to the world. If the empire is, and is admitted to be, these organic laws also are, and are the instruments whereby the country is, by its own consent, governed. You could as reasonably overthrow the throne of Louis Napoleon as the organic laws, which mainly form what he is pleased to denominate the country's "Constitution."

But, to proceed farther, it was found that on several points there were legal wants and failings through which political offenders could creep out of a dispute with government.* Little by little these defects have been remedied, and laws, apparently harmless, because not sharpened for immediate application, have been voted by the Corps Législatif and Senate, in virtue of which there is hardly a conceivable means for a French citizen to escape, if he once get into the scrape of displeasing the government. But the last blow of all was struck in March, 1858, when the famous *Lois des Suspects* were voted.

As the French law now stands, it is in fact legal that there should be no law at all, and that the action of the tribunals should give way to what is the purely arbitrary action of the executive. If an offence of public expression be committed—that is, if any one write and print what seems displeasing to the Emperor and his ministers,—the tribunals take no notice of the matter; the offence is judged to be one by the minister of the interior, and it is administratively, not judicially, dealt

with. This is the point I think not sufficiently appreciated by us in England. The deputies of France were, by a hundred various influences (for they at first resisted), brought to will away their best privileges; and the public thought and the possible expression of it were deliberately taken away from the protection of the law; and it was made legal that they should be delivered over to the administrative mercies of the government—thus, in this case, admitted to act as judge in its own trial, as executioner of its own personal enemy.

Louis Napoleon is not more averse from liberty than he is from the appearance of being a despot. He will let no man have his own way, but he is not easy till he has forced the nation into signing away its own freedom—he, an oppressor! Heaven forbid! he, in oppressing, only carries out the wish of the country, which absolutely asks him to put his boot heel upon its neck! Now, here is just the piece of imperial cheater which Villemain in his article lays pitilessly bare. He goes to this point at once, and no one has done so before him. He lays bare the one underlying fundamental grievance, that which, once permitted to be, engenders all the rest as a natural inevitable consequence.

You may depend upon it this article in the *Courrier du Dimanche* is one which will plant a most venomous thorn in the side of Louis Napoleon, and rankle all the more, that he must dissimulate his intense annoyance at it, or make himself ridiculous by avowing his weakness and vulnerability to such attacks.

Just at this dead season people know so little what to be at in this deserted capital, that at this moment they are actually betaking themselves again to magic. Like the cobbler, Merle, in Sir Edward Lytton's new book of "What will he do with it?" the Parisians, having absolutely nothing to do, are betaking themselves to "looking in the crystal," and spirit-rapping and table-turning is beginning again here, as though the denizens of the Paris thoroughfares were so many Yankees. The famous Mr. Hume is distanced, and the present magician is a German with a French name, a M. Richard. This wonderful medium convened a party of savants, literary men, blue stockings, and members of the *demi-monde* (interspersed with Poles and Russians), the other evening, and actually made them believe they had evoked no less a personage than Lord Byron, who, to please them, performed no less an achievement than dictating the concluding stanzas of "Don Juan." That is, his Lordship was kind enough to impart to a third-rate French rhymester in what fashion he desired his immortal serio-comic epic should be terminated. Some of the persons present not being satisfied with this, however, the "spirit" had the exceeding condescension to improvise a certain number of stanzas for the particular benefit of the foreigner who was to terminate "Don Juan" in English! and the Parisians, Poles, Russians, Swedes, and other continental ladies and gentlemen there assembled, gave, as their unanimous opinion, that finer English never was penned, and that only Byron himself could have dictated such thoroughly Byronic verses!

Byron's was not the only "spirit" called up, and reported to have "come when it was called," that eternal Ninon de l'Enclos was evoked by some of the fair dames present, and questioned (of course!) upon what the secrets were by which she managed to preserve her youth so long. From what I hear and can make out (for, as in all cases where intense curiosity is manifested, and where what is called "the whole world" is busy with anything, the various accounts one gets all differ),—as far then as I can make out, the principal receipt for her immortal youth furnished by Ninon would seem to have been that she slept a great deal. Perhaps this might be a gentle hint to her disturbers to leave her in peace, and not trouble her slumbers any more. The one thing curious in all this is, the fact of its forming the subject for no end of talk and pre-occupation; and yet we are in the nineteenth century, and in a town where one would not think mystical credulity to be precisely a fashionable failing. But there lies, perhaps, the very reason. Men who haggle

over the degree of faith they shall grant to divine and revealed truths, will vouchsafe unlimited credence to an old crone's tale of the Devil.

An "eagle" of the lesser order of feuilletons, who had dropped somewhat into the shade, has just come forth anew, lustring his plumage with his beak and smoothing down his wings. M. Edmund About has re-appeared, and now furnishes the new paper, *L'Opinion Nationale*, with a weekly chronicle under the title he took when at the *Figaro*. His feuilletons are entitled "*Lettres d'un Bon Jeune Homme*," and purport to be a "review" of anything and everything. A month ago, or thereabouts, Montégut, the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, wrote an article on About, in which he put him pretty much in his right place, and told him he was also vastly "superficial," and had better halt awhile now, and take breath before he began to "entertain" the public any more. And, truly, never was advice better bestowed. If ever a man did want for the sake of his own talent to "lie bye" for a time, certainly that man was About, who, at a comparatively early age is far more out-written than Alexandre Dumas the elder. But About is a terrible example of the necessities of this class of writer in France. If they do not write, what are they to do? The stringing together of phrases is that wherein their livelihood depends; to live they must talk, whether they have anything to say or not. Conscientious, reflecting men here have something to say; they have to protest against the way in which they are "kept down;" but that is precisely what they are not allowed to say. Consequently, when they are neither "reflecting" nor "conscientious," and want to make money, they must write what they do not think, or write without thinking at all. Here is the cause of so much waste prose in France, of so many word-dealers, and of the prodigious disrespect with which what calls itself "society" treats all those who belong to the confraternity of the *hommes de lettres*.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Illustrations of Roman London. By Charles Roach Smith. (Printed for the Subscribers, and not published.)

EVERY Londoner is conscious of the existence of the London sewers. Sometimes they force themselves on his sense of sight, sometimes on that of smell. Else he is content to let his knowledge of them lie dormant. When he thinks of them at all it is probably as the principal agent in polluting the Thames; as a means of affording occupation to a certain loquacious Board of Works; or as a never-failing source of enjoyment to sanitary reformers. The Parisian has during the past month (*Revue des Deux Mondes* for September) had the London Sewers—"works no less illustrating the civilisation of England than the most magnificent streets of the metropolis"—laid open to him as the favourite haunt of mudlarks and shore-men. But there is another aspect in which they may be regarded. They are the telescopes which, penetrating through the darkness of bygone centuries, reveal the rude beginning and ancient state of the mighty city. It is from having known how to employ them as his chief instrument of investigation that Mr. Smith has been able to produce the goodly tome before us.

The present volume is, for the most part, the result of personal investigations made during my residence in Lothbury and in Liverpool Street, in the City of London. The excavations which led to those researches were made for sewerage, for what is commonly termed 'city improvements,' and for deepening the bed of the Thames to facilitate navigation. A wide space in the area of the Roman city has, consequently, been penetrated in various directions, by deep longitudinal cuttings in the centre of streets; and, occasionally, by transverse channels. Where new streets were formed the foundations of the houses required greater width of excavation; but the sections were not so deep as those for sewers."

The sewers, therefore, however "uncongenial

to an antiquarian explorer," as he confesses them to have been, were his chief resource; but he and his fellow-labourers found rather discouragement than assistance in their explorations from the civic authorities. Still, they worked on diligently; and, if much has been irretrievably lost, a very large amount of valuable materials has been preserved by their exertions.

We may congratulate Mr. Smith on the completion of the work by which his name is most likely to be remembered. He has done his part towards a restoration of Londinium Augusta. The vestiges of its houses and public monuments; the habits, ornaments, household gods, domestic implements, and money of its inhabitants, which, during so many years, he had diligently brought together, though rejected by the Corporation, have found a safe and honourable asylum in the British Museum; and the information accumulated in the course of his prolonged investigations is here enshrined in the secure keeping of the printing-press. Having thus happily seen the fruits of his labours well harvested, he may now turn with a light heart to fresh fields and pastures new.

And on the whole the subscribers may be congratulated equally with the author on the completion of these "Illustrations." There is little, if anything, absolutely new in the book; but then it only professed to present in a complete and condensed form the substance of the papers by Mr. Smith, which had appeared in the *Archæologia* and elsewhere, and which papers (if our memory do not mislead us) must stretch back over nearly a quarter of a century. The work of re-casting these materials has, however, been very well done. The papers are not merely pieced together, but fairly re-moulded; and the whole is arranged in a clear connected manner. Many of the engravings are the same which illustrated the papers in the *Archæologia*, having been lent for the purpose by the Society of Antiquaries, but several are new, and together they form a very sufficient and very useful elucidation of the text.

The object Mr. Smith has had in view has been, "as far as it was practicable, to convey a notion of Roman London by the antiquities themselves," and in this he has very fairly succeeded. Any one not quite unused to such inquiries, who will read carefully through his book and spend an hour or two in examining the actual remains in the British Museum—most of which are referred to, and many of them figured in this volume—will be able to form as clear a notion probably of Roman London as the materials in existence permit.

What remains of Londinium lies deeply hidden. Except a fragment or two of the ancient wall—and the most remarkable piece of that now forms part of a stable—a hypocaust beneath the Coal Exchange, and a bath still in use in a court in the Strand, nothing remains visible *in situ*. To find anything where it originally stood, you must, like the author, follow the progress of the navy or the bricklayer's labourer. Over the Roman city lie the ashes of more than one other of long subsequent date. As it was described three-quarters of a century ago, in digging downwards in the very heart of Londinium Augusta, Lombard Street: "The soil is almost uniformly divided into four strata; the uppermost, thirteen feet six inches thick, of factitious earth; the second, two feet thick of brick, apparently the ruins of buildings; the third, three inches thick, of wood ashes, apparently the remains of a town built of wood, and destroyed by fire; the fourth of Roman pavement, common and tessellated." Of a city that has been the scene of so many catastrophes—from that terrible one in the reign of Nero, when the city itself was destroyed, and more than 70,000 of its inhabitants perished, down to the Great Fire which swept away every relic of an older London—we must not look for more than such fragmentary vestiges as find their fitting home in a museum, and their record in an archaeological treatise.

Mr. Smith is disposed to assign much wider bounds to the original Roman city than Mr. Taylor and some other careful investigators.

Assuming that old London bridge marked the centre of the earlier Londinium, he is "inclined to place the northern wall somewhere along the course of Cornhill and Leadenhall Street; the eastern in the direction of Billiter Street and Mark Lane; the southern in the line of Upper and Lower Thames Street; and the western, on the eastern side of Walbrook. This suggested plan will give the form of an irregular square, in about the centre of each side of which may be placed the four main gates, corresponding with Bridge Gate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate."

But whatever may have been its extent, it is evident that during the Roman occupation, London, ever the great centre of insular commerce, was as decidedly as it is now, a city of rapid and constant growth. Burial places, rubbish pits, and the like,—places always rigidly relegated outside the walls of a Roman city—are found covered over, and included within its later boundaries; and some of these places, sealed up, as it were, by the Roman builder for future examination, have yielded the most instructive and suggestive of recent discoveries. Such especially was that curious receptacle of workmen's broken materials; loads of oystershells, and animal and vegetable matter, the refuse of neighbouring provision shops; old sandals from the shoemaker's, broken lamps, glass, pottery, and rubbish of all kinds, "which had in their day been thrown away with the sweeping of streets and houses," laid open in excavating the foundations of the present Royal Exchange. The ultimate dimensions of Londinium, as it was when the Romans relinquished possession of the island, are defined by Mr. Smith as being "from Ludgate on the west to the Tower on the east, about a mile, and about half a mile from the wall on the north (London Wall) to the Thames." There was also a humbler suburb, then as now, on the Southwark side.

Over nearly the whole of this space Roman remains have been found, and in the exhumation of a large proportion of those found during the last twenty years, Mr. Smith has "assisted." Of these remains he has here preserved an account sufficiently ample for the general reader, and suggestive to the antiquary. Taking the principal classes into which these remains may be most conveniently classified, he devotes a section of his book to each. Under the head of "Inscriptions and Sculptures," he gives a detailed account of all the former which are known to have been at any time found within the city; and describes minutely such of the latter as are of most general interest (in the case of a fragment of a group of the *Dæ Matres*, extending his notice into a dissertation on those divinities), and giving engravings of the principal objects in each division. "Tessellated Pavements" are the subject of the next section, and some very accurate (though too brightly coloured) engravings are given of the very fine ones now in the British Museum, the East India House, and elsewhere. But if the examples shown in these sections, and that on "Wall Paintings," prove that the citizens of London employed the best available talent in the decoration of their villas, we learn from the section on "Bronzes," that the public places of the City were not left unadorned—the leading illustrations being the colossal head of the Emperor Hadrian, fished up from the Thames by old London Bridge, and the bronze hand of still larger proportions found in Thames Street. That London possessed works of art of a style of excellence very rare in provincial cities, is shown by the exquisite statuettes of the so-called Apollo (but which is certainly not an Apollo), the misnamed Jupiter, and the Mercury; to say nothing of the little silver Harpocrates, and others of scarcely inferior workmanship. The "Pottery" found in London is mostly fragmentary, but some of these fragments are shown by the engravings to have been of a superior description: the great bulk of it however is, as might be expected, of a common kind. Of the little clay statuettes, so frequently met with in foreign collections, which "served for domestic ornaments, votive offerings, and as lares and penates in the dwellings of the humbler classes," not many have been found in London,

and those only in fragments. They are duly represented and described in this volume, and are preserved in the British Museum. The Lamps found in London "are all, with a single exception, of terra-cotta, and chiefly of small size, three or four inches in length. The greater number are of a reddish clay, quite plain, furnished with a handle, and a simple nose for the wick." The Glass found consists partly of bowls, and wide-mouthed cups of very rare workmanship; but several fragments have been discovered of a flat and semi-transparent kind, leading to the conclusion that the windows of the villas of the wealthier citizens were glazed. "Personal ornaments and implements of the toilet," are very numerous and of great variety, but not of a costly description; even the fibulae, which are the most conspicuous of the ornaments discovered in London, being "only such as were commonly worn, and conveying no notion of the more complex and expensive kinds worn by the wealthier classes." Such as they are, however, they are duly illustrated by graver as well as pen. So also are the sandals which protected the feet of the citizens, and the "tables" in which, like Hamlet, they set down their daily deeds and observations; as well as their knives and forks, steel-yards, bells, mill-stones, and all sorts of things, down to shoemaker's awls, the almost exact counterpart of those of the present day. Finally, the volume concludes with a chapter on "Coins," of which many are engraved, while a list is given of upwards of two thousand Roman coins, the whole of which, during the last twenty years, passed under the eye of the author; many of these coins "are of considerable individual interest, and of great rarity."

The volume is very well got up, and very correctly printed; but it would have been improved by a synoptical table of contents, without which (as well as a full index) no antiquarian work should ever be issued.

SCIENTIFIC.

ASTRONOMY.—An examination of the perturbations of Uranus by the celebrated astronomer Le Verrier and Adams, in connection with calculations based on Newton's theory of gravitation, resulted in the master-stroke of modern science, viz., the discovery of a new planet, and the consequent doubling of the known extent of the solar system. If, however, Uranus offered difficulties to the astronomer by reason of its distance from the sun and the slowness of its motion, Mercury, on the other hand, eludes our vision by the rapidity of its flight, and by its constant immersion in the solar rays. It results from this, that although with the exception of Venus and Mars, this planet is nearer to the earth than any other, it is, of all the members of the solar system one of the bodies with which we possess the least acquaintance. Struck with our ignorance of the motions of this planet, M. Le Verrier has made it the subject of a series of observations, the results of which he communicated to the Académie des Sciences, at the meeting of the 12th instant. It is well known that the motions of Mercury do not coincide with those indicated by Newton's theory, and it was to this point more especially that Le Verrier turned his attention. According to him, we must add thirty-six seconds to the perihelionary motion of the planet, in order that its theory may coincide with that of the sun. It is impossible to attribute these variations to error in the observation, for such mistakes could not have been committed by the most illustrious astronomers. Le Verrier was then driven, in order to account for these anomalies, to admit the existence of a new body between the sun and Mercury, whose mass should be equal to that of the planet, or else to suppose the existence of a quantity of asteroids, which, acting together, might produce an effect similar to that which would be caused by a planet. Supposing these asteroids to exist, there are two systems of observations to which recourse could be had for their discovery. The first would be to photograph the solar disc each day, as Sir John Herschel recommended

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several years ago. The second would be to take advantage of every eclipse of the sun, for special observations in this direction, the first opportunity for which will be offered on the 18th of July, next year. It is worthy of remark, in connection with this subject, that towards the end of the last century, the astronomer, Lemonnier, observed a quantity of small opaque bodies passing in a line across the sun's disc, and this passage lasted several minutes.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Sept. 27th, J. Smith, Esq., of the Perth Academy, read a paper "On the Production of Colour and the Theory of Light." He stated that he was unable satisfactorily to account for certain natural phenomena connected with light by reference to either of the commonly received theories. A series of experiments were consequently undertaken with the object of clearing up this difficulty, and these experiments led to the conclusion that varieties of colour are produced by pulsations of light and shadow in definite proportions for each shade of colour. In order to make this point clearer, let us suppose white light to be caused by motion in a fluid, and black by the absence of motion, then a certain colour—blue, for example—would be produced by a certain proportion of alternate rest and motion of this fluid. If this new theory, which altogether differs from that of Newton and, indeed, overturns all our former ideas, shall be established, it will cause quite a revolution in those branches of science which have been hitherto based on the received undulatory theory. The following is an account of some of the experiments to which Mr. Smith had recourse during his investigations. He first caused a narrow parallelogram of cardboard to revolve over a black body with a rapidity which he considered equal to the vibrations of light in a second of time. By this motion he obtained a distinct blue, while at another time, in different weather, the same thing produced a purple. He then made a disc, with several concentric rings, which he painted respectively one-third, two-thirds, three-quarters, and one-half black, leaving the remainder white, and on making this disc revolve rapidly, the rings became completely coloured—there was no longer any appearance of black or white. On a bright day, with white clouds in the sky, the rings were coloured respectively a light yellowish green, two different shades of purple, and a pink. He also cut a spiral figure of card, the revolution of which produced most beautiful colours in those parts offering certain proportions of black and white. The position, whether horizontal or vertical, in which the discs revolve does not affect the result, and the colours can be reflected on a white screen; thus proving that they do not result from any illusion caused by the deceiving motion on the eye. From these experiments Mr. Smith concludes that light is simple and not compound, and that the phenomena of prismatic refraction and the polarisation of light must be explained upon hypotheses altogether different from those of Newton. He is therefore now engaged upon the construction of a new theory of prismatic refractions, which, as soon as it is completed, will be given to the public.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLOURS.—On the first discovery of the photographic art, sanguine hopes were universally entertained that the picture produced in the camera would be easily fixed in all the beauty of its natural tints. The enthusiasts were, however, doomed to disappointment, for it was soon found that the red, yellow, and green rays of light were the least fitted for producing the photographic image, and photographers, therefore, were forced to content themselves with browns, and reds, and neutral tints, according to the materials they employed, without any reference to the colour of the objects represented. Some, however, still hoped against hope, and among these was M. E. Becquerel, who, after studying this subject for twenty years, is rewarded by the discovery of a means of obtaining a photograph of the prismatic spectrum in its natural colours and in very brilliant tints. In order to produce this, M. Becquerel takes a well polished silver plate, and, after covering the back of it with varnish so

as to leave the front surface alone exposed, he attaches it by copper hooks to the positive conductor of a voltaic battery of one or two cells; to the negative conductor of the battery is attached a piece of platinum. The plate of silver and the platinum are then plunged into a mixture of eight parts of water and one of hydrochloric acid. The electric current decomposes the acid, and causes a deposit of chlorine on the surface of the silver, while hydrogen is liberated at the negative pole. The chlorine gas unites with the silver, and forms a violet-tinted coating, which would become quite black if the operation were continued a sufficient length of time. This coating is tolerably sensitive to light when very thin, and in that condition produces the natural tints, although these are very weak. By increasing the thickness of the layer the tints become much brighter, but the sensitiveness diminishes. In order to ascertain exactly the amount of chlorine deposited on the silver plate, M. Becquerel introduces into the voltaic circuit an apparatus for the decomposition of water, and since chemical decomposition is similar in quantity for each cell of a battery, by measuring the amount of hydrogen produced by this decomposition, the quantity of chlorine liberated on the surface of the silver plate is easily arrived at. An idea of the extreme tenuity of this film may be obtained when we learn that with six or seven cubic centimetres of chlorine to the square decimetre, the layer of chloride of silver is only one-thousandth of a millimetre in thickness, equal to about 0.00004 of an inch. With a film of this thickness the best results are obtained. Before exposure to the spectrum the surface has a plain wood colour, but if it be heated to between 150° or 200° centigrade (300° to 390° Fahrenheit), it becomes rose-coloured on cooling. If, however, instead of raising the plate to a high temperature, it be enclosed within a copper-box and gently warmed, say from 90° to 95° Fahrenheit, and maintained at this heat for five or six days, or, better still, placed in a frame covered with a deep red glass, and exposed to the sun's rays for from a quarter to half an hour, upon being submitted to the action of the prismatic spectrum, the natural colours appear in all their beauty, and the green and yellow tints, which previously were obtained with difficulty, are now bright and clearly defined. Thus, this great problem of photography is in a fair way of settlement, and we may still hope to see, not only the beautiful effects of light and shade which we now obtain, but combined therewith all the brilliancy of Nature's colouring.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE MONTREAL.—Among the wonders of engineering skill in the present age, the Victoria Bridge stands forth prominent, a lasting monument to the genius of Mr. Robert Stephenson. When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada Company became convinced of the necessity of establishing a communication between the opposite shores of the St. Lawrence, they applied to Mr. Stephenson, who had recently completed the Britannia Bridge. He accordingly visited Canada in 1853, and after examining the locality and making the necessary calculations, arrived at the conclusion that a bridge was practicable, and determined on adopting the tubular form as the most suitable under the circumstances. The St. Lawrence is more than 6540 feet wide at the point where the bridge crosses, it flows at the speed of ten miles an hour, and during several months of the year is covered with a coat of ice 8 feet thick; and when this breaks up, the enormous blocks of ice rush down with impetuous violence, sufficient in the opinion even of the most sanguine to endanger the most substantial building. The principal difficulty to overcome was the lateral pressure of the ice, which would be enough to overthrow piers of an ordinary construction; to those of the new bridge were, therefore, given the depth of 90 feet in the direction of the current, the two central piers being 24 feet, and the others 16 feet broad. The foundation is 15 feet on an average below the summer level of the river, on a bed of rock, upon which are 8 feet of gravel and clay. The masonry is composed mainly of a dense blue limestone, quarried at a

distance of 18 miles and floated down the river to the spot selected. From the foundation upwards the side of the pier next the stream is built on an incline of 45°, until, when near the tubes, the thickness of 33 feet is attained, and the pier is then carried up perpendicularly. The object of this slope is to offer an inclined plane for the ice to creep up until it snaps across by its own weight, and becomes free to float down between the piers. The number of tubes is twenty-five, the central span being 330 feet long, the others 242 feet. The height above water of the central tube is 60 feet, while the other tubes descend, by a gradient of 1 in 130, to 35 feet at the abutments; the object of this rise being to avoid the heaps of ice which float down at the season of thaw. The abutments are 250 feet long, and the approaches on the two banks 2060 feet together, that on the south side being 814 feet shorter than the northern one; the space between the abutments is 654 feet; so that the total length of the structure is a mile and three-quarters. The Victoria Bridge differs from the Britannia Bridge in the number of the tubes, which are only four in the latter, although these are 130 feet longer than the longest in the Canadian bridge. The Victoria tubes, also, are not cellular, and there is but a single roadway. One of the most curious features of this bridge will be found in the fact that the tubes, which are 16 feet wide, and from 18 feet 6 inches to 22 feet high, were all made at Birkenhead, then numbered and packed on board ship for Canada, where they were riveted together in their proper places, being supported meanwhile by immense wooden staging. The plates of which the tubes are made are thicker in the centre than at the end, to give strength where most wanted, one end of the tubes being fixed to the piers, and the other supported on rollers, to allow for the expansion and contraction which takes place in so extreme a climate as that of Canada. It is found that a variation of 8° of temperature, causes a difference of length of $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in the shorter tubes, while the exposure of the upper surface of the tubes to the sun's rays causes an arching of the central tube to the extent of $\frac{1}{16}$ inch for 80° of temperature. The roof will be covered by bright tin, which is a substance much used in Montreal, and produces a beautiful effect. The design is by Mr. Robert Stephenson, Mr. George Stephenson superintended the manufacture of the tubes, Mr. Alexander Ross filled the post of resident engineer in Canada, and the contractors for this stupendous work were Messrs. Peto, Brassey, & Co.

FINE ARTS.

NEW ROOMS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

At the South Kensington Museum two new rooms, extending northwards from that part of the ground-floor appropriated to works of ornamental art, have just been opened to the public. One of these new rooms is temporarily filled with the Oxford collection of drawings by Raffaele and Michael Angelo; the rooms up-stairs in which these drawings were previously exhibited being required by the authorities of the National Gallery, who are now busily occupied in transferring to them the Turner and Vernon pictures, and a selection from the paintings by the old masters in the National Gallery. The Raffaele drawings, we may remind each of our readers as have not seen them, will remain at Kensington but a very short time longer.

In the second of the two new rooms has been placed a valuable collection of majolica ware, Venetian and other old glass, and metal work, lent by its owner, A. Barker, Esq., for exhibition in the Museum. The collection is of considerable extent, and will be found by the student of ornamental art, and indeed by all interested in such objects, quite worthy of a pilgrimage to South Kensington. Among the more noticeable of the majolica articles are three pairs of vases, of large size and of good form; several large wine-coolers, tureens, and other vessels of various shapes and somewhat doubtful purposes; some scent-bottles, worth noticing; one or two very large dishes, and a

great many plates, including several good examples of *amatorii*, or "love pieces." Like most if not all collections of majolica, a large proportion of the articles are only interesting or valuable because they are majolica. Some are simply detestable in design, drawing, and colour. But in others the designs bear the impress of originality and power, and the drawing is free and vigorous; and much might be learnt from them by the designer and ornamentist. Among the plates are a few brilliant specimens of the Gobbio lustre ware. There are also examples of Palissy's skill in the imitation of fishes, reptiles, and fruit, and in applying them as the ornaments of dishes.

The Venetian glass includes some choice illustrations of latticino, twisted cane, and vitro di trina, or lace-work glass, as well as frosted and engraved glass. Especially noteworthy are some of the tazzas and wine-glasses for their grace of outline; while others are equally admirable for the free flowing designs and exquisite execution of the engraving. But here again, as with the majolica, a good deal is merely curious or rare.

The metal work includes several bronze statuettes of the fifteenth and sixteenth century; gilt statuettes of the Madonna; bronze lamps, candlesticks, and various household articles, some of which present forms that might be profitably studied by our own designers. A cabinet of silver and tortoiseshell will be admired for its elegance of form and finished style.

Of ivory carvings the specimens are rather numerous, and they are of very different periods and styles. A gaunt, grim, crowned Virgin and Child, of the true archaic type of late so much in vogue, may be contrasted with another of a later and more "sensual" age: the "religiousness" of the one setting off against the beauty and refinement of the other. Among other articles displaying the skill of the old ivory carver are several tryptichs, dirk-cases, half-a-dozen horns, &c. Among the smaller articles should not be overlooked a tryptich and three or four crosses in box or sandal wood, which are entirely covered with minute figures of saints, &c., drawn and carved with a great deal of skill and infinite patience. The collection also includes a tryptich claiming to be painted by Taddeo Gaddi, but it would require a well-authenticated pedigree to sustain the claim.

Excellent as, taken by itself, is this collection of Mr. Barker's, it is chiefly interesting as supplementary to the collections of similar objects in the Museum. The South Kensington collections of Ornamental Art have become of exceeding value, and they are admirably arranged; but their value, to the student especially, is greatly increased by good private collections being thus placed alongside of them for comparison and illustration; and it is only due to gentlemen who thus place their cherished treasures at the public service, that their liberality should be recognised and acknowledged.

In an adjoining room of the Museum may be found another proof of the pleasure and instruction that may be conferred by these loans, in a very rich collection of the art-manufactures of China and Japan, formed by the Earl of Elgin when envoy in those countries, and lent by him to the Museum. A collection that so admirably illustrates the artistic taste and skill possessed by the higher class of Chinese and Japanese artisans, has perhaps rarely been seen. It includes among its Chinese wares only a few specimens of porcelain, but among these are some choice *crackle* vases, and some beautiful cloisonné enamel. The carvings in ivory, ebony, and jade-stone are many of them wonderful examples of delicate manipulation. Some of the metal work is also exceedingly well executed. There are besides specimens of glass (quite European in character), tobacco-pipes, fans, and some shoes that could only have belonged to ladies of the highest caste. The Japanese lacquerware is almost enough to justify the longing expressed for it by the ladies of Addison's day. Rivaling it in beauty as in fame is the egg-shell porcelain of Japan, of which there is here a large glass-case full. Then there are Japanese clocks of the native form, and others copied with curious accuracy from the European model; metal work

of different kinds; and a case full of books and drawings. From these and the Oriental Collection in the Museum the visitor may in an hour learn more about Chinese and Japanese art than from books in a month.

The Secretary of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts assures us that we were misinformed as to the sculpture room of the Society being ill-adapted to its purpose. The sculpture is exhibited, he tells us, in the hall in which paintings are also exhibited: "and many sculptors, some even adverse to the constitution of the Society, have expressed their cordial approval of the manner in which the works of this art are exhibited; and declare that this is the only annual exhibition in which any attempt is made to do justice to that art." The notice in the Catalogue respecting the award of the prize, to which we referred, is, it appears, a misprint: it should have been *for*, and not *to*, the best work; and, as we supposed, the prize is consequently to be awarded to the artist, and not to the mere possessor of the best work of art. The Art-Union connected with the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts has reduced its subscription to a shilling! For this every subscriber has the chance of obtaining a prize—and the prizewinner may choose his own picture, or depute the selection to the Committee. The advantage of so low a subscription may be doubted; but the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts is evidently not disposed to lag behind in the race for popularity: we heartily wish it the success its enterprises deserve.

Two drinking-fountains of white marble are being fixed under the portico of the British Museum—one on either side of the doorway. They are not yet sufficiently advanced to permit us to speak of their rank as works of art; but of the benefit they will confer on the visitors there can be no second opinion. Drinking-fountains should in fact be set up in all our national places of public resort. It is not a little curious, after so much has been said on the subject, to find such a place as Kew Gardens unfurnished with a single drinking-fountain.

Marshall's statue of Joseph Hume, the economist and reformer, was inaugurated at Montrose on Saturday last. The day was kept as a public festival; and the townsmen were enthusiastic in their admiration of the statue, which they seem to regard as approaching perfection, both as a likeness and a work of art.

DRINKING-FOUNTAINS.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—I have just seen your well-intentioned (I dare say) but somewhat unfair criticism on the designs of this Association's fountains, and as its Hon. Sec. I think it my duty to reply.

About fourteen different designs of drinking-fountains have been selected by the Association, and fountains after these designs are in course of preparation, but the time and care requisite to perfect the ornamental iron work of the fountains have prevented the Coalbrook Dale Iron Company from yet completing more than one. I think you will therefore admit that it is exceeding the functions of impartial criticism, upon the insufficient data that but one out of fourteen designs affords, to pass such a sweeping censure upon the good taste of the Association.

Considerable pains were taken to obtain the best designs, and with this object prizes were awarded by the Association; and the designs adopted were the result of public competition and selected from numerous contributions. The Committee which adjudicated comprised, amongst other professional men, one of the most eminent living artists.

I beg to observe that it is altogether indispensable to a fair criticism of designs of drinking-fountains to be erected in London, to bear in mind that any shape or form cannot be adopted merely because it is agreeable to the eye; but the external design is severely controlled by the mechanical requirements of the drinking-fountains.

Thus each fountain must be so constructed as

to contain (with other things) a water-cistern with a ball cock to regulate the supply. This cistern must always be raised above the level of the drinking cup, or point of delivering the water.

2nd. There can only be one small stream of water.

3rd. Every standard fountain ought to be constructed so as to render the cup visible and accessible from all sides—a condition which precludes the solid pillar or obelisk style of fountain, having the stream and cup on one side only.

The design of each fountain, to be fairly criticised, must be considered in reference to these, as well as other important mechanical requirements, which will be found to materially limit the choice of design.

As for the greater fall of water on the pavement from the London than the Liverpool fountains, I think that result is entirely referable to the greater number of persons who use the former.

About 2000 daily is the average number of times each fountain is used during summer in Liverpool, whereas in London 7000 is about the average. To effectually obviate this inconvenience, however, iron gratings are being prepared to be placed under each fountain.

I beg to add that if the author of the criticism would kindly furnish the Association with a suitable design, it will be most gratefully accepted and the obligation duly acknowledged.

The objection that drinking-fountains ought not to be inserted in church or workhouse walls will vanish, when the real circumstances of the case are comprehended. Drinking-Fountains ought to occupy conspicuous sites in the leading thoroughfares of the metropolis. In these there are few blank walls, and when such do occur the choice is restricted to such walls as public buildings afford, by reason of the legal difficulties of tenure which render the insertion of fountains in the property of private individuals generally impracticable. The public buildings occupying the leading thoroughfares which afford blank walls are for the most part churches, workhouses, and goals.

As your criticism, if unexplained, is calculated to injure a useful charitable institution, I am sure you will not hesitate to publish the foregoing in your valuable journal.

E. T. WAKEFIELD.

Metropolitan Free Drinking-Fountains Association,
Office, 11, Waterloo Place, S.W.
22nd September, 1890.

We readily print Mr. Wakefield's letter, since he is of opinion that it will serve to counteract an injury he fancies our strictures are calculated to inflict. But a very little reflection ought to have satisfied him that our remarks were rather calculated to benefit than to injure the Association he represents. The object of the Association received from us a cordial and ungrudging expression of sympathy and good-will. Our objections were strictly and expressly limited to the fountains as works of art, to the designs in themselves, and to the repetition of the same design in several places. The Hon. Sec. avers that this is "unfair criticism;" he even thinks that we shall "admit that it is exceeding the function of impartial criticism," to venture upon an objection when only one out of the fourteen accepted designs has as yet been executed. Of that one, however, he offers no defence—and it says something for his taste that he does not. We will at once confess that, from what we have seen of the unexecuted thirteen we have not much more hope from them. But if they were as good as we believe them to be bad—and that is nearly as bad as it is possible for them to be—we should still object to their serving as patterns. In truth, we regard the whole art-system of the Association as a mistake. For merely providing the actual wants of the drinkers, anything with a tap and a cup would of course suffice; but if the fountains are to be ornamental works they must be subjected to the laws of art. Now it is beyond dispute wrong, as a matter of art, to repeat costly and pretentious structural designs. For these metropolitan fountains there are, as the above letter explains in detail, and as our criticism showed we had not overlooked, certain "mechanical requirements" which have in the first place to be provided for;

but this having been done, it remains as a principle of all artistic construction that the structure shall be adapted to the situation it is to occupy as well as the purpose it is to serve. Where art is rightly understood, pattern designs will not be produced, to be fabricated like Birmingham buttons by the gross. A lamp-post, or a parish pump may, without gravely offending the public eye, be the same in the dirtiest court in St. Giles's and the choicest part of Hyde Park or Belgravia; but everyone is conscious that there is some barrenness of invention when pretentious fountains of bronze and marble are alike in pattern, whether they be placed in the slums of Westminster, against Marylebone Workhouse, or on Highgate Hill. And, however it may shock the nerves of the Association, or its secretary, we must repeat that it would be infinitely preferable, having a certain amount to distribute over the metropolis, to put in the humbler localities the most unpretending and inexpensive structures possible, so that they showed in each particular instance the greatest attainable convenience, adaptation to the special locality, and simple beauty of form; and to reserve for the more central and conspicuous sites the nobler forms and more costly materials; rather than to multiply everywhere patterns of one dead level of pretentious imbecility—too fine for the poorer districts and too mean and mediocre for the more important. If to say this be "exceeding the functions of impartial criticism," we really know not what its functions are. We dealt with the principles of art involved in the line adopted by the Association, and we did so frankly (but certainly in no "unfair" spirit) in the hope that we might do something to avert from our streets a further infliction of this foolish pattern-work. We admit that we did regard with some dismay the announcement that to the art-treasures, in the shape of fountains and statues which already adorn our public ways and arouse the wonder of our art-loving foreign visitors, there were to be added some two or three hundred fountains of the patterns approved by the Association, and we confess that the dismay is not lessened by the letter we now publish.

Still it is some comfort to learn that the fountains are not to be a nuisance as well as an eyesore. The Hon. Sec. is angry with us for noticing the insufficient provision made for carrying off the waste water, but he admits the evil, and announces that means are being provided "effectually to obviate the inconvenience." With this we are of course content. And now, as he admits the justice of our two specific objections (to the taste of the executed design and to its arrangements), perhaps Mr. Wakefield will, on reconsideration, see that "unfair" was hardly the right word to apply to our remarks; and, as we have, for his sake, a little expanded the principle we before suggested, we have some hope that he may have arrived by this time at a clearer notion of the true "functions" of criticism. But in parting, let us once more in all friendly feeling urge the Council of the Association to avail themselves of the coming season of inaction to reconsider the whole subject of the designs, and to see whether they cannot hit upon a mode of uniting a general plan with what we may call individual freedom; and thus render the "movement" they are directing, a means of diffusing wholesome mental, as well as physical, refreshment.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—It is very certain that Mr. John Oxenford did not exert his usual judgment when he decided upon adapting the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* for the Princess's stage and company. The play is essentially French; and in the utter absence of the French *jeune premier* from the English stage any adaptation on its boards of such pieces as *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* must fail. The chief interest of the play falls to the share of a youth, who must be extremely impassioned, and yet most unselfish—in a word, a Utopian. In Mr. Oxenford's drama we find this character filled by

a cold, didactic, and certainly not youthful gentleman. It would seem that at least some English dramatic authors write for the stage, as some English ladies buy gloves—without any reference to harmonies.

Under the name of *Ivy Hall*, Octave Feuillet's drama was produced on the opening night at the the Princess's on Saturday. Candour compels us to state that the piece was anything but successful, even for a first night, and since that event the representations have flagged woefully.

It is to be deplored that Mr. Oxenford has thought fit to perpetrate the usual error of a prominent "funny" man in *Ivy Hall*, the inevitable buffoon in Anglicised dramas, who, with the most unmistakable fatuity, crushes the entire sentiment of the work, with his flat jokes and his horse-laugh. Why will adapters not see that the age of the *premier comique* in drama has gone past? In the few cases in which this stage bugbear has been forgotten, such as *Pauline* (Mr. Oxenford's own, we believe), *The Corsican Brothers*, *The Courier of Lyons*, and *Marca Spada*, the result has been most satisfactory, and it is to be hoped that before long this objectionable personage will be confined to his own domain—burlesque and farce. Hence it results that there were two causes weighing against the success of *Ivy Hall*, a funny gentleman and a cold lover, and so the piece gained the success it was only possible for it to obtain.

The tale is briefly this: *Sir Gilbert Castleton* (Mr. Harcourt Bland), left poor by the ruin of his father, is forced to seek some means of livelihood, and is introduced by Mr. Trusty (Mr. Frank Matthews) as steward at *Ivy Hall*, the property of the *Hawkesworths*, the head of whom is *Captain Hawkesworth*, an aged gentleman. *Amoret* (Mrs. Charles Young), the grand-daughter of the captain, inspires the new steward, who has taken the name of *Gilbert*, with a hopeless passion. *Amoret* herself feels some return of this love, but prompted by Miss Camilla Wiley (Miss Kate Saville), she believes Mr. Gilbert to be more devoted to her wealth than herself. Things are in this position when *Amoret* wandering to an old ruin in the neighbourhood of the hall, finds that the steward is also there. During an interview the peasant-custodian of the ruin, not supposing any visitor is within the walls of the ruin, closes the only means of egress it possesses; and when *Amoret* learns this fact, she in an agony of fear declares the whole circumstance has been plotted by the steward to entrap and dishonour her. This accusation leads to certainly the finest scene in the French piece. The lover declares his love, and determines to prove it honest—so he runs to a window of the ruin, and with a last good bye, casts himself through the time-worn casement to the ground far below. The remainder of the play, as presented at the Princess's is decidedly one continual anti-climax. *Gilbert* does not die, but in due time returns to *Ivy Hall*, *Amoret* still doubts, and elects as her husband, and in presence of the steward, the funny man of the piece *Sir Bugle Bradley* (Mr. H. Widdicomb). However by this time *Captain Hawkesworth* has learnt that the son of a man he has ruined in order to acquire wealth, and especially *Ivy Hall*, is alive, and in his dying moments the captain places a will in favour of this son in the hands of the steward, who of course is the very man himself. Now it is that the steward has the power of proving his disinterestedness, and he burns this will. However the dramatic proprieties are not to be outraged, and so Mr. Trusty exhibits a second copy of the will which, from precautionary motives, he procured from the deceased. The consequence is that *Amoret* is glad to be released from her engagement with *Sir Bugle*, and gives her hand to *Sir Gilbert Castleton*.

If the success of a drama depends upon consistent and sympathetic associations, then *Ivy Hall* stands condemned at once, for surely no interest can be felt for a hero who persists in his idiotic love for one who prefers to him an absolute fool—a stage fool! To be plain, *Ivy Hall* is simply a catastrophe, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Oxenford lent his name to the drama till its success or failure had been learnt. Its faults

are radical—absolutely irremediable. The funny gentleman, Mr. H. Widdicomb, is from the transpontine Surrey, and he will spare himself much mortification if he at once returns to that southern temple of Thespis, where we hear he is bitterly mourned, for he was wont to enliven thousands—at the Princess's he wearies hundreds. He comes forward with such fatuity of expression that it is almost a wonder opera glasses are not flung at him.

Mrs. Charles Young played *Amoret* with considerable grace, but her task was up-hill work. Of Mr. Harcourt Bland we find ourselves compelled to say that he is totally unfitted for his part. His qualities as an actor are the very opposites required to show the steward, *Sir Gilbert*, as he really is—an impassioned, honourable, head-strong youth. Of the minor characters but little can be said with the exception of that filled by Mr. Frank Matthews. It did us good to find this old favourite still treading the Princess's boards.

The drama was succeeded by one of the most exquisite burlesques, if we may apply that term to Mr. Planché's piece, we ever witnessed. Mr. Planché's name is always associated with charming writing and fancy, and in *Love and Fortune* we have both charming fancy and writing in abundance. We are relieved from that detestable canonade of puns with which most burlesques of these days are weighted, and in their place we get a delightful *double-entendre*, always innocent, which is as delicate as it is polished: it may be compared to Sèvres china,—fragile, but exquisite. Mr. Planché's genius prompted the use of some of the most engaging music in the repertoire of the Bouffes Parisiens, a house which is the greatest enemy dread ennui ever encountered. The selected music is delightful, and so catching, that we have already heard it whistled in the street more than once. How shall we give the plot of *Love and Fortune*. To be able to analyse such an amusing fabric, would be to prove it wanted a beauty. First there is *Love* (Miss Louise Keeley), and then there is *Fortune* (Miss C. Leclercq), and these two, attired in such a combination as only Mr. Planché can devise, play a series of amusing tricks with several mortals dressed à la Watteau. And there are dances, and a poor young lover, and a rich young lover, and a proud lady, and a kind lady, and a grasping ridiculous old gentleman, who gets laughed at for all his pains. We fear the piece is too thoroughly French to become very popular, but it is certain that Miss Louise Keeley will become, in fact has become, as popular as she chooses. She took the house by storm. Her dressing for "Love" was admirable,—her singing absolutely superb, frequently reminding us of Nantier Didié. She gained the only encores of the evening, and encores so late in the evening as to make them invaluable. And we may as well inform our gentlemen readers at once that Miss Louise Keeley is married—has been so some little time, the ceremony having been achieved in Dublin, and the wedding will be a happy one on the understanding that short courtships make prosperous marriages. Miss C. Leclercq appeared to us a new actress, so different does she seem from the Carlotta of twelve months since. This favourite actress was quite thrown in the back ground by the debutante "Love," who on Saturday last made her first appearance in town. Amongst the other characters of the Watteauism we must not forget Mr. Frank Matthews, who played the greedy rich old father,—Mr. Saker, who played *Arlequin*, and especially that extraordinarily gaunt actor, whose face is his fortune, Mr. J. G. Shore. This gentleman sang a somewhat cynical song of seven verses with great effect—every word was enunciated, and every one of the notes kept. M. Petit, of the Conservatoire, played *Pierrot*, and exhibited those endless legs of his in all parts of his person—they are wonderful members. *Columbine*, *Pierrot's* wife, was very nicely danced by Mdlle. Villier. Indeed, as might have been expected, the ballet is very good—a dance entitled *Les Coquettes*, in which all the gentlemen make declarations at once, and all the fair are coy, is very admirable. The great fault of the piece, and

even Mr. Planché could not guard against it, was the want of *aplomb* generally in the actors and actresses. This quality should be carried to the very finger tips in Watteau pieces, and it was altogether neglected by everybody in the piece except the French people, who were at home in the business—Miss Louise Keeley, and Miss Leclercq. We cannot conclude without again speaking warmly of the writing in the extravaganza.

We trust we shall soon have to approve of a spirited drama produced at this house, for Mr. Harris has decided upon reflecting the Porte St. Martin, and we would recommend him to direct the attention of his scribes to George Sand's drama of *Mauprat*, than which no more dramatic work has been written during this century.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Not the least satisfactory feature in the re-opening of this unique theatre is the knowledge that Miss Woolgar does not quit the stage in consequence of a tremendous legacy, the rumour of which originated in the columns of a daily and, it is to be feared, too factious contemporary. She appeared in the pathetic little drama *Good for Nothing*. This was followed by the admirable *One Touch of Nature*, which will certainly become a stock piece; and this again by perhaps one of the stupidest farces Mr. Morton has ever written—stupid in the original, and no better in Mr. Morton's adaptation, which could not be made lively even by Mr. David Fisher, the Princess's contribution to the Adelphi. *Mr. Bagster* is a prey to "Hunger and to Love," and though love is represented in the shape of a beautiful girl with a handsome dowry of 30,000*l.* *Mr. Bagster* actually rushes away to dinner! and upsets the dinner-table with a crash. However, he ultimately gets dinner, lady, and fortune, and thus an end to a very stupid business, which gained the usual applause.

Mr. Webster has brought before the public another revival, *The Willow Copse*. Of course he finds his account in these reproductions, but we cannot help wishing that he would bring out new adaptations. There are always sufficient novelties produced on the French stage to keep London rich in theatrical variety. The exaggeration of plot and character in *The Willow Copse* is very palpable, when contrasted with the extreme beauties of "One Touch of Nature" which follows it. However, when we come to speak of the acting itself, too much praise can hardly be given. The inevitable funny man being present, Mr. Toole makes quite a jewel of him, while Miss Woolgar, as *Meg*, has a character which she makes tell with immense effect. Mr. Webster, as the tough yeoman, *Luke Fielding*, performed, as he must perform, with great power. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Webster does not exert the same discrimination in fitting his company with characters which he exercises when he chooses for himself. To put Mr. Fisher, the light comedian, to fill a rôle once occupied by the late "diabolical" O. Smith, is a theatrical outrage. The applause was frequent, but we hope soon to congratulate Mr. Webster on the production of several important novelties.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This theatre is open again, and with the same stock pieces, for Mr. Robson is the most fortunate of men. However a new piece is in preparation, and it is but just to add that Mrs. Stirling appeared on the opening night in *A Morning Call*, which though not quite so original as announced in the bills, was a satisfactory performance, for it enabled us to see Mrs. Stirling in one of those charming characters she only on the English stage can perform.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—This house opens tonight. We hear the best things of Mr. Leicester Buckingham's burlesque; indeed we have heard several of the puns, and find them very good—that is, if puns can be called good in the latter half of this century.

STRAND THEATRE.—A new drama is to be produced here on Monday.

MISCELLANEA.

THE GRAVE OF CHATTERTON.—This unfortunate child of song, the author of "Rowley's Poems," was born November, 1752, and, after a short life of varied vicissitudes and suffering, sometimes wanting very bread to eat, committed suicide by poison, August 25, 1770, in a back garret in Brook Street, Holborn, and was buried in the workhouse burying-ground, Shoe Lane, St. Andrew's, where a stone (I have seen) informs the reader, "Anno Domini, 18— (obliterated), the bones of all the inmates of this burying-place were collected together and thrown into one huge grave," which is in the centre of the ground. There, therefore, moulder the bones (undistinguished from the many) of one of our most celebrated, but most unfortunate, youthful poets.—*City Press*.

MONEY ORDER OFFICES.—On the 1st of October and thenceforward the distinction between minor and major money order offices will be abolished in England and Wales, and all money order offices in England and Wales will be placed on the footing of major money order offices. The advices of money orders drawn at any office in England and Wales on any office in the United Kingdom, will be transmitted direct to the paying office, instead of being sent through the London office as at present, and the corresponding orders will be paid, although the advices do not bear the London office stamp. On and from the same date, applications for alteration of the name of payee or remitter of an order issued in England and Wales on any office in England and Wales may be made direct to the issuing postmaster, if the remitter can make the application in person. The existing charge for additional commission will be maintained. If application cannot be made by the remitter in person, it must be made, as at present, by letter, enclosing an additional commission in postage stamps, to the controller of the money order office in London. Applications for alteration of name of payee or remitter of orders drawn by, or on, offices in Scotland or Ireland must, for the present, continue to be made to the metropolitan office of the kingdom in which the order was drawn.

THE MAYORALTY.—It is satisfactory to know that justice has gained the day in the election of the Mayor for the ensuing year. Alderman Carter had no need to appeal to a poll—he was elected, as was his right, by show of hands.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 24th Sept., 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 4800; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 4999. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6*d.*), 593; one students' evening, Wednesday, 78. Total, 10,470. From the opening of the Museum, 1,069,083.

The International Association for obtaining a Uniform Decimal System of Measures, Weights, and Coins, taking advantage of the Social Science meeting at Bradford, on the 10th instant, have made arrangements for holding their General Meeting at St. George's Hall, Bradford, on the same day at four o'clock in the afternoon, while the Society for Promoting Social Science meets at the same place at eight o'clock in the evening.

American tales, to be taken *cum grano salis*.—"In several counties in Canada, the grasshoppers have been so numerous as to occasion much alarm by their devastations; but recently a small grub, somewhat like the weevil, has come to the aid of the farmers. When it attacks the grasshoppers, the strength of their joints seems to give entirely away, and remaining helpless on the ground, they soon perish. The grub is killing them off in this manner by myriads."

"A large turtle, in the garden of a gentleman living in Massachusetts, had an attack of some disease similar to hydrophobia a short time since. It snapped at everything that came in its way; and a boy incautiously exposing himself to its attack, the turtle bit him on the hand, and he subsequently died from the effects of the wound."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of Admissions for six days, ending Friday, Sept. 23rd, 1859 (including season ticket holders), 27,223.

A coal seam is stated to have been recently discovered in the chalk formation of Kent, in the course of excavation for a line of railway from Maidstone to Canterbury. The coal is said to be of good quality, and if in sufficient quantity to be worked at a profit may prove of great advantage to the district.

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